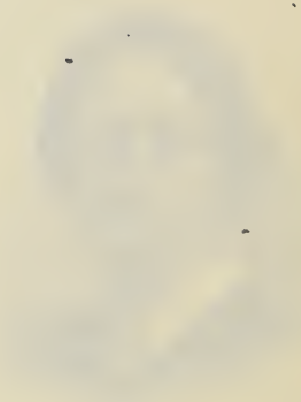
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. BX6495
Shelf .S35S3
Copyright No.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Mary E. Larles

Engraved by G.W. Posselwhite.



# MEMORIAL

OF

# MARY E. SMALLEY,

Sarles

LATE THE WIFE OF JOHN W. SARLES,

PASTOR OF THE CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH,

BROOKLYN.

---

BY HER HUSBAND.

f Congress.
1867
City of Washington.

NEW YORK:
HOLMAN, PRINTER, CORNER CENTRE AND WHITE STREETS.

1867.

BX6495
.S35S3

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by

JOHN W. SARLES,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

Stereotyped and Printed by
THOMAS HOLMAN.

TO THE

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH AND CONGREGATION,

ESPECIALLY THE YOUNG,

THIS MEMORIAL

OF HER

WHO GREATLY LOVED THEM AND LIVED FOR THEM,

AND WHOM

THEY WERE NEVER WEARY IN HONORING,

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THEIR PASTOR.

# PREFACE.

It is believed that this volume will be particularly grateful to the very large circle who have known the subject of it.

Not alone for the gratification of friends, however, has it been prepared. Evidence has been constantly accumulating that the life it attempts to sketch has been made a blessing to many, and that widely there are sorrowing hearts persistently asking for an extended memorial of departed worth, so keenly appreciated and deeply bemoaned,—many young hearts, where her memory perpetuated, will live only to be blessed. This has been deemed quite sufficient to justify the labor, and even demand the publication. Nor is it too much to hope that still others may yet live because she died.

So far as a history is attempted, only a brief

outline is designed, and no effort whatever has been made to call in an extensive correspondence.

Should the cursory reader see in these pages some article not specially marked for excellence, he will need to note at what age she wrote it,— to bear in mind also that the selections have been made with an eye upon households of all ages,— and perhaps, besides that, he will need to attribute much to a strong partiality, that is never very discriminating. No indulgence need be asked from those who have known her.

So far as the original is reproduced, the stranger who reads will find himself in the presence of one of the noblest of noble Christian women.

J. W. S.

Brooklyn, *April*, 1867.

# CONTENTS.


PAGE.

CHAPTER I.

Childhood . . . . . 1

CHAPTER II.

Education—Earlier Compositions . . . . . 10

CHAPTER III.

Compositions—Humor . . . . . 27

CHAPTER IV.

Later School Compositions—Poetic . . . . 47

CHAPTER V.

The Great Sorrow . . . . . 84

CHAPTER VI.

The Joy Unspeakable . . . . . 89

CHAPTER VII.

First Three Years in the Kingdom . . . . 94

CHAPTER VIII.

The Pastor's Wife . . . . . 103

CHAPTER IX.

Miscellaneous Articles . . . . . 123

CHAPTER X.

The Last Three Months . . . . . 141

CHAPTER XI.

The Sleep in Jesus . . . . . 156

CHAPTER XII.

Moral and Religious Characteristics . . . 169

CHAPTER XIII.

Worth Appreciated . . . . . 189

# CHAPTER I.

## CHILDHOOD.

The following pages, delineating a noble character and a gifted mind, under the moulding hand of grace, will imprint or suggest their own varied lessons. The child, the youth, and the parent,—the thoughtless worldling, the false professor, the timid believer, and the ripened saint,—may find entertainment, companionship, incitement, suggestion, warning, counsel, or example, needed by them, and worthy of the sainted dead.

Mary Elizabeth, daughter of John and Maria W. Smalley, and late the wife of John W. Sarles, was born in Brooklyn, January 10, 1834.

Her father died when she was eight years of age. To shield her young heart as much as possible in the trying hour, he had said, "Don't let Mary know that I am dying." Very soon, however, she had to know that the family numbered only three. Her sister being a little child, she seemed to accept it that she was appointed to be her mother's chief stay and solace; and the place was gratefully accorded to her. From that time on it was her care, and equally her pleasure, to fulfill the appointment.

How promptly, and steadily, and nobly, she pursued that first great purpose of her life, her mother, as no one besides but God, knows. Never did she falter in it.

Her first book of compositions opens when she was at the age of ten, and extends through two years.

Child as she was, the reader will not weary with a few selections; and intimate friends will recognize in the earliest of them the lineaments of those traits that afterward became so fascinating. On the first unmarred page is one entitled,

### THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant is the largest beast known since the Flood. It can be tamed and becomes very docile, but will never forget an injury done him. I will relate a little incident I once read: Elephants are very fond of eggs; a man, knowing this, thought he would tease the elephant, and therefore he gave one an egg that was rotten. The elephant was greatly enraged at this, and when he saw the man again he made a terrible noise until the man was gone.

They always remember their keepers, and when they are dead or gone away, they act as if they are sorry, and will not mind any other person.

An elephant will guard a child so that it will not get hurt. It will take a pin out with the end of its trunk, dance, and bow to the audience. It has long ears with which it brushes off the flies. It has very large feet and small eyes. In Africa they prevent wild elephants from running away by tying a rope around their legs. Done.

Thirty-two pieces additional fill the book:

The Evils of Tale-Bearing.
New Year's Day.
A Dialogue.
Lucy Brown, the Blind Girl.
Sketch of the City of Philadelphia.
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter —An Allegory.
Art and Nature.
Death—An Allegory.
On Reason and Vanity.
Sketch of the Life of George Washington.
Ruth—Naomi.
The Hermit.
The Mother.
A Dream.
A Letter.
Autobiography of a Half-Dollar.
The Snow-Storm.
An Enigma.
Moonlight.
Childhood.
An Enigma.
School Parle.
A Letter.
Wisdom.
The Sailor.
Steam.
Night.
An Acrostical Enigma.
Antony and Cleopatra.
A Letter.
Home.
Autobiography of a Rose Geranium.
Woman.

The first of these, "The Evils of Tale-Bearing," is strongly characteristic. Following close after is another, "Lucy Brown, the Blind Girl," equally indicative of a life-long trait—an instinctive prompting to make the best of everything.

---

### THE EVILS OF TALE-BEARING.

About thirty years ago, in one of the handsome houses in Yorkshire, England, lived a gentleman by the name of Mr. Green. He was a man in affluent circumstances, had married very young, and had four children: one girl, whose name was Ella, and three boys, whose names were Howell, Charles, and

Edward. Ella was a spoiled child; her father humored her in almost everything she wanted.

Ella had acquired the practice of tale-bearing. She would tattle everything she heard.

Her mother tried in vain to correct her, for whenever she would punish her, her father would set it all wrong by coaxing her.

One night she went to bed, when in the middle of the night she was awakened by a bad dream, and (as her parents slept in the next room) she heard them talking low, so she jumped lightly out of bed, and applying her ear to the key-hole, heard distinctly every word they said. Her father was saying that he was failing in his business very fast, and that if his creditors were to hear it he would surely fail. The next evening Ella went to a ball. She had not been there long before a young man came up and asked her to dance. When the cotillon was over, they sat down and began to converse. The young man, whose name was Rockwell, asked her if she knew Henry Cole's father had failed. She answered: "No; but," said she "I expect my father will fail soon, but I hope not till the balls are over." "Why," said Mr. Rockwell, "I thought your father was in good circumstances!" "Oh! you know little about that," said Ella; "for I heard my father say he would fail soon!"

Now Mr. Rockwell's father was one of Mr. Green's creditors, and he went and reported it all about. So, had it not been for a kind aunt, he certainly would have failed.

Ella was very sorry, and no one could accuse her of tale-bearing again.

---

## LUCY BROWN, THE BLIND GIRL.

Lucy Brown, the subject of our story, was a little girl about ten years of age. Fourth of July had come; all was bright and happy. Lucy's brother had received the day before some fire-crackers, and it was his delight to frighten Lucy with them.

Lucy tried to hide away; but she was unfortunate, for her brother would find her out in every place she went. But as she was coming out of the house he fired one off, and the powder went in her eyes. She screamed, and her mother ran out and endeavored to pacify her, but in vain; the light of her eyes was forever extinguished. Doctors were sent for; but they said the optic nerve was destroyed.

Her brother saw too late the mischief he had done. The doctor said she must be sent to the Blind Institute. Her parents were very sorry to part with her; but Lucy said she would know how to do everything if she went there. Four years, four long years, had elapsed since she had been separated from the family. In that time she had learned to read in books on raised letters, how to sew very neatly, how to make baskets, and in short do everything that was required of a blind girl.

When four years were gone, she returned; and oh, what a happy meeting that was! She could not see them, but could feel them, and she was happy with all.

May he who made you weep be nigh
To wipe away your tears,
And point you to a world on high,
Beyond these mournful years.

---

Following now in order, six added pieces are given.

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, AND WINTER—AN ALLEGORY.

A MOTHER was bending over her child as it lay sleeping in its richly curtained bed. It was a sweet child of four years. Its golden hair fell in ringlets about the forehead spotless as the snow.

Fifteen years had passed; the child had blossomed into a beautiful young girl; she was the ornament of the family, the pride of

her mother. She was beautiful; she always wore a crown of roses on her head, and she was very amiable.

Fifteen more years had elapsed; the fair girl had bloomed into a mother. She still retained part of her loveliness. She had two daughters, they were very beautiful.

Thirty more years had passed; her hair was white as the snow, her cheek was sunken; at length she was stretched on her dying bed; she remembered what her mother had told her: "Child, you must die."

Spring comes clothed in flowers,
Summer in bowers,
Autumn in fields of grain,
Winter in snow, ice, and rain.

---

## DEATH—AN ALLEGORY.

As I was taking my usual walk one morning, I met an old man of venerable appearance. "Howard Gaffer," I exclaimed; "where art thou wandering?" He said not a word, but motioned me to follow; he went to a cottage where there laid a child, worn out by disease and in spasms. He spoke, and the child slept. Again, he told me to follow to the palace of a king, who was lying in the agonies of death. He breathed upon his forehead—his sighs were hushed. Again, and once again, he beckoned me to follow to the house of a poor woman, whose only child was very sick, and she was praying that he might depart easily. He touched him, and he slept to awaken in the realms where no sorrow is known. "Reverend man," I said, "what is thy name?" He looked at me and said: "I am called the 'Angel of Mercy' in the other world, but blinded mortals call me Death."

He is the "Angel of Mercy" on earth,
The messenger of love;
The one our Father thinks best to send,
From his heavenly dwelling above.

## A DREAM.

As I was lying one night upon my bed, a being came to me all dressed in white, and in the form of a beautiful woman. "Arise, daughter of woman!" it exclaimed, "and come with me, for my name is Truth. I will show thee goodly things." And methinks it took me by the hand, and led me away to a broad, verdant plain, where there were two roads, one led to the right, and one to the left. The one to the right was straight and narrow, and few there were that followed it. The one to the left was broad and crooked, and throngs of people were going to it; flowers grew plentifully along its sides; and many were enticed by the syren songs of Pleasure to wander from the road, where poor deluded mortals stumbled in the gulfs of Destruction and Death. And many took the road to pluck the flowers that grew by its side, which were intemperance, disgrace, poverty, and foolish entertainments. But alas! serpents were concealed beneath them, which stung their victims, and made them wish to pluck no more. And methinks it grew dark and cloudy, and I heard shrieks and imploring cries from the left road. Then all was darkness. But I turned my attention to the right road, where there were few people, but they were singing sweet songs; and I looked and beheld a shining palace, where the pilgrims were received with songs of triumph and great rejoicings, and Truth was beside me. At this moment I awoke; and lo! it was a dream.

---

## CHILDHOOD.

Well do I remember the days of my childhood,
When oft I have wandered by the side of the stream;
And oft I have dreamed of the green and the wildwood,
And awakened and found it was naught but a dream.

Oh! in the green fields I often did wander,
And by the old well many a time I have stood,
And cut from the stalks the wild flowers asunder;
Oh! what happy times I have had in that wood.

And how I have drunk from that bucket of oaken,
And many a time I have sported in glee,
With my brothers and sisters, and gave as a token
Some wild flowers sweet, 'cause they rambled with me.

Oh! now recollections of childhood come o'er me,
And my home,—that dear, that familiar old name!
Oh! dearest home, it was hard to part from thee;
May thy remembrance to me be always the same.

---

## NIGHT.

In mythology, Nox is called the goddess of night, and was worshiped with great reverence by the ancients. She is represented standing in a car or chariot, drawn by bats and owls, and at other times drawn with a vail around her head, which is bespangled with stars. Night, sublime and lovely night, thou lookest with a motherly tenderness on a slumbering world!

Young describes it beautifully, thus:

> "Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
> In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
> Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
> Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
> Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds.
> Creation sleeps."

Nothing affords a more beautiful subject for contemplation than a moonlight night, the moon with rays so soft and yet so brilliant that she completely extinguishes the stars when they approach.

WOMAN.

'Tis not in hours of gladness
That woman's love is shown;
But when we pine in sadness,
Neglected and unknown.

'Tis not when hopes are brightest,
When blessed with all we love,
Nor when our hearts are lightest,
Can we her value prove.

But when the ties are broken,
Which binds us unto earth,
And by the world forsaken,
We then can feel her worth.

---

Her twelfth year was now nearly completed; and in parting from the teacher of a primary school, she received these gentle touches from the moulding hand that God had employed for full two years:

"*Dear Mary:*—May the tie which has long bound us be not soon severed. At least let us hope that our lives be one of 'holy friendships,' and that when the evening of our days approaches, naught but happy reminiscences may be the burden of our memory. For you, dear girl, I could wish all happiness; that clouds, if they dim thy horizon at all, be as evanescent as the 'morning dew;' and that ever, as now, you preserve that gentle, confiding nature. Indulge thy taste for the beautiful of God's creation; be it ever thine to trace the works and adore the bounties of the omniscient Artist. May the influence of the Holy Dove guide you safely through the devious paths of life; and when at last, wearied of this world's vanities, you sink to rest, may kind angels guard your dying pillow, and waft your soul to realms where sorrow is unknown.

"Ever yours, ANNA E. COOPER."

This prayer was answered.

## CHAPTER II.

EDUCATION—EARLIER COMPOSITIONS.

In Mary the days of childhood were quite ended at the age of thirteen, so that in physical and intellectual and moral development she was fitted to be, and was companion, and counselor to her mother.

Her father, a graduate of Princeton and following the legal profession, was much addicted to literary pursuits. His keen appreciation of high intellectual culture led him to provide by Will that his children should have the best educational advantages.

The Brooklyn Female Academy, now known as the "Packer Collegiate Institute," presented the desired facilities, and at the age of eighteen she graduated, having so acquitted herself as to stand among the brightest ornaments of that institution.

During her connection with the academy she wrote on many themes:

The First Murder.
An Evening in Broadway.
Winter.
The Death Angel.
"Forget Me Not."
Hagar.
Twilight.
Proserpina.
The Blind.
The Raising of Lazarus.
Savage Strife.
Sleep.

The Creation.
The Ocean.
The Spring-Time.
The Ferry-Boat.
My Friend Charlotte.
The Last Days of Saul.
"The Old Must Die, the Young May Die."
Angel Whisperings.
The Fortunes of Nigel.
The Angel of the Clouds.
Midnight.
The Miser of Marseilles.
The Orphan's Song.

Many of these which follow do not appear here in the order in which they were written.

My Dream.
Resemblances.
The Unseen.
St. Valentine's Warning.
Hymn.
"The Curse of the Sleepless Eye."
The Deluge.
Curiosity.
Shadows.
The Jewish Maid.
Lines.
Thoughts.
The Mother of a Hero.
Hymn for Commencement.
Mountains.
Lake Horicon.
Letter from a Graduate.
The Ship of Death.
The King of the Jews.
Ho! to the Land with Shadowing Wings.
The Far-Off Graves.
Summer Evening.
Snow.
A Fragment.
Life.
Story and Review of Jack and Gill.
Death of the Inhabitants of the Moon.
Lines to a Little Dog.
How to be Known.—I.
Parody on Hohenlinden.
How to be Known.—II.
The Darling. Chapters I., II., III., IV.
Mrs. Quack's Thought Lotion.
The City Hall Clock.
Young Ladyism:
The Sentimental Young Lady.
The Borrowing Young Lady.
The Sensitive Young Lady.
The Nervous Young Lady.
Valentine to the Public.
The Victim of the Bastille.
Review of Lecture.
Lines.
Editorial.
Trifles Captivate Little Minds.
The Sunshine.
Letter—Dear Annie.
Our Aviary.
Musquitoes.
A Blessing Mother!
Æolian Strains.

A Fragment.
Ellie Rue.
A Ditty of New York City.
A Valentine.
A Morning Prayer.
Easter Offerings.
Elsie Grey.
Parting Song.
"Let the Dead Bury the Dead."
Welcome to Kossuth.
To ——
The Bird of Paradise.
To a Bachelor.
The Mermaid's Song.
To a Lady.

Those who are likely to be the readers of this book will not be content with so general a notice of these compositions, and many would even plead for them entire. It comes well within the design of the volume to give a free selection of what her own heart and hand prepared, the better to perpetuate a memory so fragrant.

The pieces that now immediately follow, in the order of their writing, reach on to the close of her fifteenth year.

---

### THE DEATH ANGEL.

Night came spreading her dark wings over Egypt's dewy land. The glassy waves of the Nile reflected the silvery moon, as she hung resplendent in the sparkling heaven above. The gentle stars came twinkling one by one out of their bed of dark azure, when the avenging angel of God came on his sorrowful mission to the sinful world. Sad it was, indeed, for the Almighty had commanded that the first-born of all Egypt should die. Slowly he sped on his errand; to the palace, to the hovel, to the prison; from all was heard, breaking on the still night air, the voice of weeping. Onward he sped to the palace of the noblest prince of Egypt. With his cold fingers he touched the forehead of his only boy—his only hope.

The child's large eye dimmed, and the cold death-dew came rapidly over his noble brow; one agonizing struggle, and the spirit was released from earthly bondage. Still onward sped the angel, to the convict's cell, where, reposing by the prisoner's side, like a fair flower beneath a blighted tree, was seen a beautiful child. It was his only, first-born one. The angel paused; a shadow like that of the night came over his face. He gazed upon the form of that innocent child, and then a bright smile illumed his countenance, and the dark shadow was dissipated, while he exclaimed: "It were better for thee, fair child, to be with God; thou art too lovely for this sinful earth." Then he breathed gently upon her forehead, and the roseate glow fled from her cheek, and the cold, chilling aspect bespoke of death. Onward, onward, still onward he took his way, carrying death and destruction in his train. At last his task was done, and speeding his way upward, through fathomless space, to the throne of the infinitely just and awful God, and vailing his face, he exclaimed: "It is done, O Lord, as thou hast commanded."

But on earth, before the glorious morning streaked the sky with gold, was heard the voice of weeping and lamentation, for not one family had escaped the just wrath of the living God.

And the great King Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron in the night, and exclaimed: "Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel, and serve the Lord as ye have said, and take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone, and bless me also."

Then went they out from the king's presence, and all the people of Egypt came rallying around them, their pale faces and haggard looks bespeaking of great sorrow, and with one common voice they exclaimed: "Go from us, or we shall all be dead men."

## SAVAGE STRIFE.

The forest sun was proudly gleaming,
The river rolled its waves below,
The air with warblers sweet was teeming,
The verdure many hues did show;
When breaking on the air of heaven,
An Indian war-shout, long and loud,
Was heard; and warriors, wrathful driven,
Were coming in a dusky cloud.

Two Indian tribes there were engaging,
With enmity between them rife,
A battle bloody, fierce was waging,
Unmindful of each other's life.
For foes and friends alike were lying
In scattered heaps upon the ground;
The dead, the wounded, and the dying,
Alike untended lay around.

---

## THE OCEAN.

How mighty is the ocean; the mirror of the stars, reflecting them back in almost original beauty!

When first it was formed by the Almighty, the stars gazed into its bosom, as though contemplating their wonderful construction; and the moon rode triumphantly in silent beauty, shedding her long line of silvery light upon its waters.

Years passed on, the inhabitants of the earth increased in number. Still dashed the waters of the ocean against its shores; still did the moon shine brightly in the blue arch of heaven; still did the king of light shed a shower of dazzling beams on the ocean. All obeyed the commands of God; but the beings whom he had created in his own image, they did not bow in adoration at his name, but worshiped idols of their own formation, the

work of their own hands. The just wrath of God was aroused, and he decreed that the wicked nations should perish. The waters were made obedient to his will, and "he drowned a world, and heaped the waters far above its loftiest mountains."

Oh! sorrowfully rolled the earth around, when she saw that her verdant fields and valleys, her lovely flowers, her rugged rocks and mountains, and her beautiful but wicked inhabitants, were buried beneath the waters. Then the stars looked down as though in sorrow, for naught could they see but the ark, that seemed like a tiny flower-leaf tossed in this vast expanse of waters. All was still and silent as the grave, save when a peal of thunder rent the air with its rattling noise, as the vivid lightning flashed across the sky and illumined the world of waters.

Years passed on. The earth was again peopled, and all looked fair and happy on this beautiful world. But man was the same rebellious creature as before, and the anger of God might again have visited mankind, had not the Savior, the most holy and just, offered himself a sacrifice for their sins.

Hundreds of years have passed away since that wonderful event, and generations, nations, kingdoms, empires, and even some of the tribe of heaven (worlds like ours), have passed away; but still the ocean remains unchanged. Still do its waters find a place in the globe; still the roaring and heaving of its billows proclaim a God. Oh! is not even this enough to convince the infidel that there is a God? Does he think the ocean came by chance? If there was no God, would chance keep the ocean from inundating the world?

Far, far down in its depths are treasures richer than the eye can tell or tongue describe. The costly diamond, that would grace a kingly crown, and be the proudest gem, lies hid beneath the heavy sea-weed, and the rich coral is made the habitation of a tiny worm. There mighty ships, with their valuable merchandise, lie with the waters foaming above them. There, too, are many of the loved and the lost. There lies the drowned mariner, his rich

locks combining with the moss and sea-weed which vails his face, while the howling winds and roaring billows chant his only requiem. There shall they all remain until the trump shall sound, and then will the ocean reveal its treasures and give up its dead.

---

## THE SPRING TIME.

How I love the spring time; the joyous spring; with all its softness and beauty, lightness and happiness!

How beautiful are the spring flowers, "just fresh with childhood," peering so lovingly from out the earth, vailed partly by the leaves that surround them! The gentle daisy peeps timidly out, and lifts its little head in beauty; while the meek violet and forget-me-not almost hide their blue eyes beneath their mantle of green, seeming as if they hardly dared to gaze on the deep blue sky. But the "pasque-flower" and "yellow primrose" lift their heads, and seem to consider themselves as of most importance. When the breeze passes over them, they scarcely deign to bend to it, while the other flowers dance and wave to its every motion, seeming to enjoy its frolics. The snow-drop hangs down its emerald-crowned head while the breeze kisses its pure cheek.

But I love the myrtle and lily of the valley best of any. The one looks so sweetly as it reposes on its bed of dark deep green, and gazes so earnestly on the sky; and the other shakes its little bells, and you can almost imagine you hear their tiny chimes. I always loved that flower, sweet emblem of innocence and purity. The trees, too, have cast off the sombre hue of winter, and, clothed in their spring attire, wave to and fro in gladness. Now, too, the apple, peach, plum, cherry, and pear blossoms begin to appear from out their cloaks, which have been wrapped so closely around them.

How I love the showers of spring, when "bright drops are sparkling on tree, shrub, and flower!" Such delicious odors are

wafted to us from the flowers, that we do not mind having the sun hidden from our view for a short time, and then when again he breaks out from his mantle of clouds, everything seems to rejoice in his presence. How the wet leaves sparkle as they catch his beams, and how the rain-drops in the cups of the flowers become as drops of gold! Water, pure from the clouds, always makes a feeling of thankfulness and happiness pervade my breast.

There is something in the air of spring so exhilarating and life-giving to the frame. It is delightful on a beautiful day to have the warm breeze fan your cheek, and to see it bend the flowers, and kiss the leaves of the tall trees, sending a low murmur through them.

But what I love best is to be in the country when spring wears her garland of leaves. All nature partakes of the general joy. The grass, what a lively green! How lovely are the meadows and fields! Everything now wears an air of freshness and beauty.

---

MY FRIEND CHARLOTTE.

Once I'd a friend, a fair young friend,
With rosy lip and laughing eye,
And merry, ringing voice so sweet,
It did not seem that she must die.

Full oft her large dark eyes would fill
With gentle tears for other's woes;
Alas! how soon those beaming orbs
Upon my sight were doomed to close.

Too soon Consumption's deadly breath
Came like the simoon's withering blast;
And then we knew our lovely flower
Upon the ground would soon be cast.

For then the rosy hue of health
Was changed to one that hectic blushed;
And soon, alas! too soon, we saw
Her gentle breathings still and hushed.

Crushed by the powerful hand of death,
We laid her in the lowly grave;
Yet wept not much,—we knew that she
Was safe with Him who died to save.

Our hopes are like the fleeting wind,
That blows the autumn leaves along
The frozen ground, and sings to them
A melancholy requiem song.

But though on earth our joys are doomed
To fade like flowers before the sun,
Still they'll revive, and live for aye,
When our short earthly race is run.

---

"THE OLD MUST DIE; THE YOUNG MAY DIE."

"The old, with trembling, palsied frame,
And silvered hair,
And lofty brow, whose furrows show
Their weight of care;
'The old must die.'

"But oh! the young, with hopes as bright
As summer's morn,
Who fondly think that every rose
Wears not a thorn;
'The young may die.'

" Ah, yes! the young, with joyful thoughts,
And lofty mind,
And lightsome step, and gentle heart,
To sorrow kind;
'The young may die.'"

A loved one spoke these solemn tones,
This lesson said;
Alas! her words were verified,—
She's with the dead.

Ah! she was soon cut down like flowers
Before the scythe,
All bright and beautiful; alas!
That she should die.

Her hopes were brighter than the tints
Of richest flowers,
And she had twined like ivy round
These hearts of ours.

Our fairy chain has snapped—has broke,
One link has gone;
It quivered, but an instant's time—
From us was torn.

But oh! that chain, though broke on earth,
And one link riven,
May it united firmly be
Above in heaven.

## ANGEL WHISPERINGS.

A FAIR and gentle child, with face upraised,
Was listening to the whisperings of the wind;
And seemed, with ear intent, to catch some sound
Of gentle music, as he murmured soft
Into his mother's ear:
"Do angels fair,
My mother, visit earth; and, though unseen
By mortals, do they tell them, mother dear,
Of that pure land where all the good shall go?"
"My child, we know not if they roam this world;
For how can we, poor erring mortals, tell
Of things unknown, unseen by human ken?
But sometimes have I thought that the pure breeze
Of night was bearing on its wings the low
And spirit voices of some angel band
Of those fair ones, whom we did love and lose.
And when to the deep moan and angry growl
Of the conflicting tempest oft I list,
And wild, strange thoughts come thronging through my brain,
I fancy it a conflict 'tween the good
And evil ones; and then a shuddering will
Course through my veins, as by the angry voice,
The low, deep moan will almost be suppressed.
But these are only fancies, boy."
"But, mother, when I went beside the stream,
And threw me down upon the soft green grass,
A gentle sleep came o'er my wearied frame;
And while I slept, I dreamed a dream so true,
I scarce could but believe it when I woke.
It seemed to me I did not sleep at all;
And while I gazed upon the deep blue sky

I heard a sweet voice sing this little hymn,
So simple that I did remember it:

'Come with me, fair child,
From the earth we'll roam,
And seek above
Our heavenly home.
There's a happy land far away, sweet child,
Where all is love;
There are bright and happy ones
The sky above.
This is no biding-place for thee
'Mid sorrow's foam;
Come to that bright and happy land,
Come home, come home.'

And, mother, while the echo died along,
There seemed a gush of music in the air,
Like harps, so gentle was the sound."
A cloud
Came o'er that anxious mother's face, and while
She kissed his fair and noble brow, her tears
Came thick and fast.
The cool, soft air of night
Came whispering through the green leaves of a vine
That peered into an open casement, where
In restless sleep upon his bed he lay.
The golden curls were parted o'er his brow
Of marble whiteness, and a grave, sad look
Rested upon his countenance.
He woke; and suddenly his aspect changed,
A bright, sweet smile spread o'er his lovely face,
As with his feeble voice he quickly said:
"Oh, mother, listen to those voices sweet!
Singing those self-same words I loved so well.

I come, sweet angels. Mother! we will meet
And part no more. Farewell, farewell."
The form is stiff.
The little hands hang down; the waxen brow
Is cold—oh, chilling cold! the eye so bright
And cheerful once, is glazed in death.
A gush of music filled the saddened room
Of angel harpings, and celestial tones
Murmured in concord soft,—
"Above in heaven."

---

## THE ANGEL OF THE CLOUDS.

"I HAVE a happy task to perform," murmured the angel of the clouds, as he gazed down on the beautiful things of this earth. "Mortals heed me not, perchance they think not of me as a spirit, like the angels of leaves and flowers; but often have I heard them thank my glorious Maker for the golden forms that hang so lovingly above them. When morn spreads her rosy wings and gladdens the dew-decked land with a soft ruby light, what is it but the clouds I send that cast such a mellow shade over every object? They flit before the king of day, and surround him with their forms of light and beauty. Who does not breathe a prayer to the Mighty One that guides their graceful motions!

At noon, when the summer's sun is high in the zenith, illuminating every object with his glare, and pouring down his scorching beams, oh, how my heart joys as I send a cloud to conceal his broad disc, thus to give pleasure to mortals! They look upward and see its fleecy form which has cast such a delicious shadow over the landscape, and inwardly bless God for his goodness to men. Softly, the gentle wind raises the wilted flowers, and softly it whispers to them that they are not doomed to so early a death.

When the king of day sinks low toward the horizon, and seems to woo his rest, then it is that the clouds hover around him like guardian angels. Softly they flit in the heavens, and seem as if gazing at their forms in the mirrored surface of the lake. But when the sun is setting, oh, what rapture thrills through me as I see my children made so glorious by his beams! Rich folds of purple intermingle with gorgeous crimson; soft blue intervenes, with perhaps a shade of earth's own green.

Not then do the clouds fill all with awe; but it is when I fling them around the lofty summit of the snow-capped mountains, and when they appear soft and dream-like and so grand, that I have wondered at their power; when the heavens are black with the coming tempest; when the lightnings flash vividly amid their gloomy folds; and the thunder roars and grumbles as they roll crashingly together. Then dark are they as the sorrows of mortals; but the bright sun still shines behind, and they are dispelled, for they are of earth.

When the moon rides peerless, queen of night, and the pale stars twinkle and glimmer in the sky, then I robe her pathway with soft clouds, and she paints them with her beams of silver."

I was in Egypt when the plague of darkness brooded over the earth. It was at the command of Jehovah that I clothed the heavens with an impenetrable mass of clouds. No ray of light pierced their gloomy folds; no cheering beam escaped; all was dark as the depths of despair. I surrounded the Mighty One with clouds, and he became as a pillar of fire by night, and a bright, glorious cloud by day, and the Israelites gazed, and were wrapped in the silence of awe.

My mission for Jehovah is to clothe the heavens with clouds, to give cooling showers to the earth, and to bless mortals with the gentle breeze.

When the last trump shall sound, and the earth and sea shall give up their dead; when the nations shall appear for judgment; when the sun and moon shall give back their light; when the

heavens shall roll back as a scroll, and the Son of God shall descend robed in clouds of the bright effulgence of his glory—then shall my mission be ended, my task completed; for there will be no clouds in the new heavens.

---

### THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

Oh! when ye hear my merry songs,
And see my gladsome smile,
Ye think not of the hidden grief
That tortures me the while;
Ye know not that my heart is sad,
That it bears many a woe;
Ye see not all the scalding tears
As silently they flow.

And when I sing my heart-strings seem
As breaking to the strain,
The songs were sung to me by those
I ne'er shall see again;
My harp is all the friend I've left,
Its tones seem sad and low;
And what to others seems of joy,
To me is full of woe.

It sounded sadly to mine ear
The time my mother died,
And at the death of each dear one
A strain it always sighed,—
So low and sad, so full of grief,
I hushed my breath to hear,
As if 'twas touched by angel bands
That floated very near.

It thrills not thus to other ones,
But only to mine heart,
And brings each stroke of sorrow back,
That I will oft-times start
And think of other days, and wish
That I, like them, had gone;
For every recollection brings
The thought, "I am alone."

Alone! alone! no friend among
The cold and heartless crowd,
Who at the merry songs I sing
Will murmur long and loud;
Not one among the many forms
That every day I see!
Ah, no! a whisper comes from them:
"There's none that cares for thee."

But there is One, above this world,
One great, who dwells on high;
And through whatever scenes we pass,
He always will be nigh;
He is the Friend of every one,
Why should I murmur then?
But ah! my nature mourns for those
I ne'er shall see again.

Oh! often will my bosom swell,
And the hot tears will start,
And a heavy, heavy load seems placed
Upon my bursting heart;

I can not hush its throbbings wild,
I can not still a sigh,
When I think of those I love so well,
And the happy days gone by.

And what am I? A withered leaf
Upon a blasted tree;
A single bark, that tosses high
Amidst a stormy sea;
A solitary thing, that mars
Amidst a flowery lea;
Oh, gracious Father, take me home,
To dwell in heaven with thee!

## CHAPTER III.

### COMPOSITIONS—HUMOR.

If not already, in the further reading it will be observed that some of these lines are tinged with sadness, and plaintive strains seem specially congenial. There was nothing, however, of the sombre in her temperament. Cheerfulness of spirit was almost inseparable from her, and humor entered largely into her own composition. Her early associates would hardly recognize her in a book where something of this species of writing did not appear. Nor, without some selections of the humorous, could others so well understand the influence of grace in sweetly subordinating every power and passion to Christ. A few specimens shall form the present chapter.

#### RESEMBLANCE.

Was there ever anybody who did not look like somebody else? It is not strange that different persons resemble each other; for we all descended from the same common parents. "I wonder if Adam and Eve looked alike!" exclaimed a little girl; and simple as is the thought, it has often entered young heads. In the country, where strange faces are rare, the exclamation will often burst

forth from some good old dame: "La, gracious! why Sally, did you ever see anybody look so much like 'Melia Hannah?" "Why no, mother, she doesn't look like her; she is the image of Susan Augusta!"

In the country, the land of wonderments and surmises, of talking and gossiping, lived my Aunt Patty and Uncle Benjamin. A good old couple were they. But aunty had one fault,—she was forever finding strange similitudes between different faces. As my good uncle said: "Patty finds every duck and chicken in the poultry-yard to look like somebody." As she was a little near-sighted, she would put on her "specs," and gaze at strange faces, with a sort of inquisitive look, as though she could read their history. I shall not tell of her numberless exclamations, or what a disagreeable surprise she met with one day when she went to visit a friend, and my mischievous brother had taken the little Willie out of the cradle, and put a monstrous animal of the feline species in his stead. Aunt Patty, good old soul, as she gazed on what she considered the "little dear," broke forth in "I always said by the time he was six months old he would look like his father—his eyes exactly—the sweet, little darling!" In her haste to take the *petit amour*, she received a long, deep scratch on her hand. And then uncle laughed, and we all laughed. No; I will not tell all this, and expose her deficiencies; for, poor old lady, she is dead now, and in the land of spirits. But I will tell how she mortified a young gentleman one day. We had gone to the village, aunty and I, and when we arrived there, numerous were her exclamations as to the different faces she saw. At last this young gentleman, with white kids, cane, etc., approached us and stared at us, as though he had just opened his eyes. "Why," exclaimed Aunt Patty; "Why, Jannette! did you ever see anybody look so much like our old Muscovy duck?" Ah, the poor dandy! As a peacock suddenly spying his feet, so was the lugubrious visage of the dandy, and he was soon out of sight. As for me, I could not help laughing at Aunt Patty's face, so sober-looking

was it, and as if she would say: "What are you laughing about, Jannette?"

It is strange, but if you notice it, different persons resemble different animals and birds. The dandy came under the class of birds. There is the long, bony face, protruding eyes, mouth very large, many wrinkles, and high bald forehead, resembling a horse. The round face, large fierce-looking eyes, nose very aquiline, small compressed mouth, which looks like an owl. There are the sharp miserly looks of the rat; the shrinking, mean expression of the fox; the shallow, stupid, apish face; the fierce looks of the lion; and the little, deep, sunken eyes and mischievous expression of the monkey,—all causing rather an unpleasant feeling to come over one, as he thinks how near he is allied in resemblance to the brute creation.

---

### CURIOSITY.

The ruling passion of Eve's daughters fair
Is curiosity. Man takes his share
In its researches; but it must be confessed,
That with fair woman, this bright plant thrives best.
E'er since the days of common mother Eve,—
E'er since the wily serpent did deceive,
And give a bright description of the fruit
Which raised her curious feelings, to her hurt,—
E'er since, the mind of each her daughters fair
Has been disturbed by every small affair,
And full of trouble are their anxious hearts
Until they've solved each problem's several parts.

Go in the country: there the pedigree
Of every one (by curiosity)
Is surely found; and maidens old discuss
Over their tea, of every trifling fuss

That's in their pretty little native town ;—
How " Such-an-one has married Mr. Brown ;
They don't know much about him, but they think
That she had best kept single, and not link
Her fortunes thus,—they do not like to say
Of much about him, but—they " if " away,
As if 'twas shocking ; and as some one sips
Her tea, she sighs,—then, drawing down her lips,
She says : " Oh, dear, 'tis dreadful, I declare !
That Lucy should be sent by Mr. Share
To boarding school ; she'll surely ruined be,
Now mark my words—we'll see what we shall see !"
Then some one else has taken a long breath,
To give the sad particulars of the death
Of Colonel Smith, and says : " What will become
Of his proud daughters, for I hear their home
Is to be sold ? To-morrow I will go
Just over there, and see if it is so."

And in the city you are sure to meet
With this same quality, within each street,
On every countenance 'tis painted fair,
And every person has his little share.
If there by chance a penny all so coy
Spin from the fingers of a beggar boy,
And drop into the gutter ; if he cry,
If he search for it, straight to him there hie
Some dozen boys or more : " Oh ! never mind,"
They say, " your penny for you we will find !"
And then they look around. They being seen,
Forth are collected many more, I ween ;
And then a crowd's assembled, many say :
" What is the matter ?" " Who is dead, I pray ?"
" Who's lost his equilibrium to-day ?"

They press with upraised heads and opened eyes,
Which makes them seem as though they're wondrous wise;
They press so hard to see what is the matter
That those within, hearing behind the chatter,
Strive to get out; but this can not be done
And stay they have to, standing in the sun.

And e'en in church there's many you will find
With troubled faces and a troubled mind;
For they can not divine what 'tis about
That Dr. Such-an-one was then called out;
Why Mrs. What's-her-name that bonnet wears;
Why Deacon Smith's face is so full of cares.
No sentence of the sermon have they heard,
They say: "He spoke so low, we caught no word."

But this same quality to us was lent,
Not in such foolish uses to be spent;
Heaven gave this plant and caused it thus to grow,
That we might have ambition; we might know,
Of science, and of hidden things of lore,
Hid as in earth the gold and silver are.
'Tis this the chemist's lamp of midnight light;
'Tis this assists astronomy's airy flight;
'Tis this inspires the antiquary's breast;
'Tis this which gives to every theme a zest.
Oh! blessed art thou! Blessed shalt thou be,
When rightly used! Oh, Curiosity!

---

HOW TO BE KNOWN.—NO. 1.

Fair ladies, listen while I tell to thee
The way you famous or renowned may be.

First, if you go to church, go late; and take a seat
Far up the middle aisle, where you may meet
The eyes of all, and then begin to talk,
Because you're more composed than when you walk.
Be sure and get behind some deacon old
Who has the reputation of a scold.
If he reprove, your independence still is shown
By talking on until your theme is done.
Next, when at school, a scarlet dress you'll wear,
And in some new fantastic style, your hair;
And if you would so *most* attractive look,
Wear baskets in your ears, suspended by a hook.
Next, never know your lessons. Always glance
At all the rings on your and others' hands.
A little shake do always give your head
When your turn comes, it looks so very well bred,
And appears so simple and *unaffected.*
When you go out, be sure your hat to wear
Quite off your head, that all your glossy hair
May be regarded; but to have a care
That people will regard you, at them stare,
With head upraised, and an important air.
And laugh out loud, if any one is seen
Who is too short, too tall, or looks too mean.
This is the height of manners, as you know;
For if 'twas not, I could have told you so.
Next, go to all the parties, balls, soirees,
Assemblies, meetings, companies,
And take an active part where'er you're shown;
And if by all the world you're not well known,
I'll ne'er advise you more. So take this task
And profit by it; this is all I ask.

## HOW TO BE KNOWN.—NO. 2.

Another lesson ladies will be taught,
And if you profit by it as you ought,
You ne'er will go a shopping; but you'll own
That much of wisdom, by us, you were shown.
First; be determined that no thing will suit
At any other store than famous Stewart's bought.
But that your eyes with colors you may please,
You visit all the Brooklyn stores (at ease).
The trouble that is given, you must not mind;
The gentlemen are placed all stiff behind
The counter just on you to wait,
And you must look around with pompous state.
Perhaps for shawls or dresses now you seek;
If so, the obliging clerk, with face all meek,
Takes down some patterns that he thinks will please,
Stands on a chair, or gets down on his knees.
It is your duty not to mind his care,
But to dislike all pieces, till his share
Of goods is all exhausted; then you'll laugh
A little scornfully, and say: "This all you have?"
But end not thus. To Stewart's go with haste;
For be you sure 'tis the great mart of taste.
The gentlemen for you will overturn
Some dozen shawls; and soon the price you learn.
Then say out loudly: "These are very dear;
They're not as good as we have seen sold here."
In vain the clerks will tell you all the while,
(As in their sleeves they merrily do smile,)
"That these are positively shawls most fine."
You ask the price again; they tell you, "nine."
Now ope your eyes, and say with gentle laugh:
"Nine dollars, dear! I'll give you eight and half."

The clerks politely say: "We have one price;
No deviation from it." "Oh! that's very nice,"
You murmur; "Well, we are not suited now!"
And out you go without one parting bow.
In all the stores of Broadway next you go,
Be sure you make them each thing show.
Do not be suited till you see
Something that suits your fancy to a nicety.
But now it needs "considering;" you go home,
And in a day or two, with others, come
And view the shawls till all are quite tired out;
*Then* you can take one, for you "know what you're about."
You're confident that they are "the right kind,"
Because about it: "You've made up your mind."

---

## MUSQUITOES.

### A Parody on the Watcher.

The night is warm and sultry,
No grateful breeze sweeps by;
But surely all musquitodom
Into my chamber hie;
I rise and wistfully I gaze,
The moon is hid to-night;
And, dear, how I am bothered!
My matches will not light.

I might as well sit down and wait,
While darkness has its reign;
For rest I can not hope to have
Till they are each one slain;

Their death alone can free me,
I feel that this must be.
But oh! I have no candle;
Alas! unhappy me.

Full many lights are glancing
Across our darksome street;
The lady has a soiree,
And gayly trip the feet;
Oh! young and joyous creatures,
But one small glimmering light
Would show me my tormentors,
And teach them *not to bite!*

The morning sun is shining,
She heedeth not its ray;
For fast asleep she lieth,
Amid the blaze of day;
A frown is on her forehead,
And red spots on each cheek,
Which tell that night of agony
More than all words can speak.

---

TO A BACHELOR.

Poor aged bachelor,
How sad you look,
Reading so listlessly
Out of that book!
Dear! round your room, kind sir,
All things are strewn;

How desolation, sir,
Shrieks: "You're alone!"
No gentle woman's smiles
Gladden you now;
No gentle woman's hand
Soothes your hot brow.
None but your coachman, sir,
Opens your door;
None but your porter, sir,
Sweeps up your floor.
Who'd be a bachelor,
Lonely and sad;
Cross and so crabbed like,
E'en almost mad?
Give up your singleness,
Get you a wife;
Then you'll live happily
All of your life.

---

A DITTY OF NEW YORK CITY.

Lady in moire antique,
Flowers, and furs,
Bonnet whose feathers
That every wind stirs.
Lift from the mirrored past
Curtains of gold,
See thyself as thou wast,
In days of old.
There thy good father sits,
Cobbling shoes,

Or with green spectacles
  Reading the news.
There sits your mother, now,
  Sewing away,
Talking at interims;
  Where are you, pray?
List! she speaks earnestly.
  "Husband, my dear,
Sally's been dress-making
  Nearly one year.
Thomas, our neighbor's son,
  Loves her, we know;
She has some money saved,
  Let them get married.
  For long time they've tarried.

"Thomas is a nice young man,
  Toils hard all day;
Excellent tailor,
  So they all say,
And if Sally loves him,
  And he loves her too,
Why, I've no objections."
  (This Sally is you.)

Look, the scene changes,—
  A bride and a groom,
A minister reading,
  A plain little room.
Some cake on a table,
  Some wine and some beer;
Good folks all attention,
  The service to hear.

The bride, with her blushes,
Looks timidly down,
Alternately paling,
As white as her gown.
A smile plays with tears
In her eyes, dark and blue,
As doth in the violet,
Sunshine in dew.
While Thomas, the bridegroom,
With wild beating heart,
Repeateth the words:
"Till death doth us part."

Lady in moire antique
Canst thou forget
Thy humble housekeeping,—
Thou think'st of it yet?
One pleasant room you had—
Clean little room,
Swept every morning
With dust-pan and broom.
Your husband sang merrily,
Sitting all day,
Sewing and stitching
The hours away.
Glimpses of flowers
He saw through the door,
White window curtains,
A clean polished floor.
This was the kitchen,
Parlor, and hall,
This, your reception-room,
When you'd a call.

Lady in moire antique,
Oh, what a pity!
That your husband is rich now
And lives in the city.
That you have a stone house
In a fashionable street,
And seldom or ever
You use your small feet.
That a coachman stands ready
To answer your call,
And a carriage is waiting
With footman and all.
That your daughter is dressed
On an elegant plan;
That your eldest son, Tom,
Is a traveled young man.
That your husband, the tailor,
Has grown stout and grand,—
With wealth in his pocket,
Owns houses and land.
That your husband, the tailor,
Who worked hard all day,
Has a clothing establishment,
Up in Broadway.
For are you more happy?
Ah, no! hours come
When you sigh for the joys
Of your plain cottage home.
One hour of comfort,
As those were of old,
Is worth all your feathers—
Is worth all your gold,

## YOUNG LADYISM—THE NERVOUS YOUNG LADY.

### Scene First.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" shrieked a feminine voice! and the whole household ran to see what could be the matter. Meanwhile the screams grew fainter, until Biddy the kitchen-maid rushed into the room, followed by the mother, children, and lap-dog; and there was Miss Ophelia Jane Stubbs, with her eyes open, her mouth ditto, and her handkerchief bedewed with pearly drops. "What's the matter?" said Mrs. Stubbs, and the children, and Biddy, in the same breath; the lap-dog barking through sympathy.

"Oh! that horrible spider! That dreadful creature! oh! oh! oh-h-h dear!" shrieked the young lady. "Well, what of the spider?" exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs, impatiently. "Oh, mother! dear mother! the awful creature dropped right on my hand!" "Another of your paroxysms of foolishness!" exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs; and looking cross at Ophelia Jane, marched out of the room, followed by Biddy, the children, and the lap-dog; and giving the door a pull, which sounded all over the house.

### Scene Second.

"I know my lesson, I am sure; yes, I am sure; but Mr. Smith asks questions so quickly, that I can not collect my thoughts." So Miss Ophelia gets what may be called the class ague.

The first symptoms of this distressing disease are: frequent glancings at the analysis during the recitation, and numerous sighs. Second stage: tremor as the question approaches her name, confused thoughts, etc. Third: a universal tremor seizes her (on mentioning her name), which concentrates all at once in her head, and it shakes as if palsy stricken. The best remedy is to take four grains of study, mixed with equal weight of application and perseverance. Had she taken this, no doubt she would have been instantly cured, and miraculously.

SCENE THIRD.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Miss Stubbs, "*are* we on the ferry-boat. John, *do* take care of those horses; for father says they are the most lively horses in the world! Mr. Jenkins, let me take hold of your hand, for I am so afraid of an accident. Oh, mother! you *don't* say we are the first ones on board of the boat! Oh! I am *so* afraid, and *sure* we shall be killed! I am sure those horses will leap the chain, and we shall all be drowned! I ——." "Ophelia, do hush;" exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs. "You are just like the raven; always a bird of ill omen. I am ashamed of you. You can not speak one word without making persons feel unhappy. Don't say anything if you can not speak something pleasant." So Miss Ophelia was very silent until they arrived on Broadway; then her feelings could not be controlled.

"Are we surely in Broadway? What shall we do? Oh! these omnibuses! There are so many accidents in Broadway. Didn't you read of that one the other day, Mr. Jenkins?"

"No, Miss Ophelia; I did not." "Well, I think it was in this very place that it happened. Oh, John, do hold those horses tight; do John! Why, Mr. Jenkins, only think, as I was saying, in this very place, an omnibus came in collision with a carriage, and the horses ran away, and—but they caught the horses at the end of the park; but only think, mother, if these horses were to take fright! Just see how wild Jack looks! Do stop, and let me get out. I don't want to be killed, if you do."

In this manner Miss Ophelia regaled her auditors until they arrived at their journey's end.

Coming back it was very dark, and they happened to be the last ones on the boat. "Dear me, how dark it is! Oh, mother!" exclaimed Ophelia, starting up, "the last ones on the boat! If those carriages in front should back, or the boat reel, dear me, we'd be lost—lost! Didn't you hear of that cow that jumped in the river, mother?"

"Ophelia, please be still. I desire it!" exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs,

authoritatively; and having arrived at the other side, the young lady was silent.

Miss Ophelia, as she grew older, grew more nervous; screamed in company when she thought proper; fainted regularly when she went to a party; cried when she went to the opera, and was in a great state of excitement lest it should take fire; and like a young lady of our acquaintance, fainted at the odor of artificial flowers. She lived in a perpetual state of excitement, for fear the walls of the house would tumble down, the steamboat boiler blow up, or the cars run off the track; and yet, strange to say, she was always putting herself in the way of these fearful catastrophes. She seemed to take great pleasure in harrowing up her own feelings and those of others by fearful stories related in the moment of the greatest danger.

Mr. Jenkins was very much attracted by her beauty, but on one occasion, happening to see her faint when her little sister was scratched by the kitten, he concluded to seek some one better fitted for the realities of life.

Miss Ophelia lives now, that most uncomfortable of all characters, a nervous old maid! Being past the age of swooning, she exists in a perpetual horror of thunder-storms and children.

---

LINES TO A LITTLE DOG, SEEN IN THE UPPER HALLS OF THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY.

Why comest thou here, oh, little dog,
Inhabitant of the street?
Why hast thou such a wistful look?
We've nothing here to eat.

No *dog*matism here is shown;
No stated *dog*mas taught;
And *dog*ging compositions all,
The things requiring thought.

None of your race were ever known
As pupils in these halls;
None even in the *dog*-days found
Within these classic walls.

Then why art thou, oh, little dog,
Within our halls, so wise?
Why glancest thou *so* piteously
Into my wondering eyes?

Perhaps for dog's ears thou dost seek;
In school-girls' tidy books,
Wherein to pour thy miseries;
I see it in thy looks.

Then run away, thou little dog,
Or thou shalt surely tell,
Of all thy visitations yet,
The worst was *dog*gerel.

---

STORY AND REVIEW OF "JACK AND GILL WENT UP THE HILL TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER," ETC.

HAPPY was the family living by the banks of a pellucid, meandering stream. It was composed of a mother and two earthly cherubs, who lived unknowing and unknown. The house was situated at the foot of a beautiful hill, on which the verdant grass sprouted, and the little flowers lifted their heads. Every day the mother sent her little darlings to the well,—which, strange to say, was on the summit of the hill, instead of at the bottom,—"to fetch a pail of water," as the poet beautifully expresses it. But such happiness is not long for this earth. People grow old, and springs

dry up. Alas! a cloud was to come over the sunlight of their happiness.

Three long years had passed away and still the well had not failed, nor had they in their devotion to it; for every day one might see a tall, light-complexioned lassie walking up the hill, and a graceful young boy by her side carrying a little pail. What kind of a pail it was, I can not say. Whether it was tin or wood, brass or iron, I do not know. But this I *do* know, that it was a *pail*, for the poet says so,—"to fetch a pail of water."

One day, and long has it been remembered, this happy couple with their usual light-heartedness, wended their way up the hill; and, having arrived at the well, stooped down and filled the pail with its limpid water. Then, stopping to gaze at their reflected images, they turned about and pursued their way homeward. But, alas! an unforeseen accident. While Jack was gazing at the blue sky, and wondering why the stars did not shine in the day-time,—being unconscious of anything around him,—his foot tripped, his pail fell, and he was precipitated to the earth, fracturing the cerebellum, which caused a contraction of the medulla oblongata, by which his skull was injured, or, in the words of the poet, —"broke his crown." But this was not all. No sooner did Gill see the fall of her beloved brother, than she—but the poet is rather obscure on this point, he mentions merely, "Gill came tumbling after." Now it is almost impossible for us to tell what caused this fall. Perhaps her foot caught in the pail; perhaps she became dizzy; but we are led to suppose that she fell merely through sympathy,—for woman is the most sympathizing creature in the world. She weeps when others weep, she laughs when others laugh, she applauds when others applaud; and why not tumble down when others do?

The beautiful legend from which this story was taken may be found in the productions of Mother Goose, a lady of the olden time, whose volume of poems is so much prized that it may be seen in every library. In description, no one is her equal.

Many important lessons of wisdom can be drawn from them, as in the beautiful legend we have been contemplating. It enforces upon us the uncertainty of all earthly hopes. It conveys, also, a particular lesson to politicians, that, when on the line of descent, they must not gaze higher than when on the pinnacle of glory. They must remember that it is always safer, if not easier, to climb up a height, than to descend it with dignity.

We may also draw from it another important lesson,—that the well of knowledge is situated on the top of a hill, and we, like Jack and Gill, must toil upward until we reach its limpid waters. To turn our backs upon it, is not only to run the risk of tumbling down and losing what we have gained, but also of serious injury to the cranium itself. And so we might continue to show its beauties, if time would permit. We commend the perusal of this charming volume to all our readers.

---

ELSIE GRAY.

Blithe Elsie Grey, sweet Elsie Grey,
In sunny days, in cloudy weather,
We wandered widely, she and I,
O'er hill and dale together.
She was a little maiden then,—
A laughing, coyish girl of ten,
And I but few years older;
Youth's love they tell me, warmer grows,
But ours, alas! grew colder.

Each summer's sun that kissed her hair,
Its golden radiance brightened,
And the rich carmine of her cheek
Each gliding season heightened.

It seemed the brilliant hue was caught
From autumn leaves, while the deep thought
  Gleamed from her eye unbidden.
This was the face within my heart,
  That I for years had hidden.

Those halcyon days have passed away,
  And fled my dreams elysian,
Yet often gaze I in the past,
  On the remembered vision.
I gaze, and wonder as I gaze,
How I could, e'en in by-gone days,
  Have loved this portly woman;
For Elsie, now, is Mrs. Jones—
  She's porty and quite human.

Her forehead wears a band of care,
  Her eye has lost its brightness,
The rose from lip and cheek has fled,
  Her step has now no lightness;
And though she wears her gems and gold,
They glitter o'er a heart, I'm told,
  That feels a constant aching,
That she has bartered love for gold,
  'Tis this the heart is breaking.

And often do I sit and dream
  Of days long since departed,
Till my gold spectacles are wet
  With tears the thoughts have started.
For well I know a sunny smile
Would all my weariness beguile,
  With her I'd not be lonely.
Ah, me! the poor old bachelor,
  Still clings to her—"her only."

# CHAPTER IV.

## LATER SCHOOL COMPOSITIONS—POETIC.

THIS larger selection covers the last two and a half years at the Academy, and is arranged without any reference to order of time.

### FIRST HYMN SUNG AT THE ACADEMY'S COMMENCEMENT, 1850.

To our lives one year is added,
Time with us has hastened on;
And with joy and sorrow mingled,
Think we of the past and gone.
Thou hast blest us, O our Father,
Through its quickly fleeting hours;
And to thee our praise ascendeth,
As the fragrance after showers.

From our wreath one bud has fallen,
One link broken from our chain;
But we know the "pure in spirit"
See thee, and may meet again.*
Thus, O Father, bless thy children;
May that heart to each be given,
That when we from earth are summoned,
We, redeemed, may rise to heaven.

* There has been one death in the Institution during the past year. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," was the motto selected for her copy-book by this pupil, only the week previous to her decease.

## ÆOLIAN STRAINS.

Fitfully around my dwelling
Sighs the night-wind, ever swelling,
With a dreamy, wild commotion,
Like the surging of the ocean
  Dashing up against the shore.
Listen to its mournful sighing,
Swelling loud and then low dying;
While the forest monarchs hoary
Bend and listen to the story
  They have heard for evermore.
Not the *wind*, my *soul* is hearing,—
Strains those seem of organ rearing,
  All unseen from earth to heaven.
Spiritual hands are playing—
O'er the shadowy keys are straying
  Fingers of the blessed dead.
And the music, grand and thrilling,
Which my inmost soul is filling,—
Requiems are for just and holy,
Who on earth loved Christ the lowly.
Requiems, too, for unforgiven,
Who, when life's frail cord was riven,
  Unprepared with shriekings fled.

Mournful now the strains are swelling,
Of a beauteous maiden telling,
Who hath left this world of sadness,—
Early entered one of gladness.
List! It hymneth of a flower
Nipped in one short fleeting hour;—
  How to earth this bud was given.

Then the strains are swelling higher,
As if all the angel choir
Sung: "The flower blooms in heaven."

Dies away that joyous pealing,
And forebodings o'er me stealing
Make me clasp my hands with fear.
"What are these unearthly moanings?"
Utter I; "these dismal groanings;
Tell me, what are these I hear?"
Saith a voice: "This mournful wailing,
Which thy cheek with fear is paling,
Is a requiem for a spirit
Who his doom doth justly merit."
Then, while silently I listen,
Tears upon my eyelids glisten;
For, like breeze through forest straying,
Seems it mighty crowds are saying
With one mournful, solemn breath:
"Let them not despise thy Spirit,
Let them not his doom inherit;
But through Jesus' precious merit
Keep them from the second death."

So these strains are ever swelling
Mournfully around my dwelling;
For the doomed and for the holy,
Youth and age,—the high, the lowly,—
Ever swells a solemn strain;
While the billows of the ocean,
And the wood with waving motion,
Sendeth back the sound again.

## THE VICTIM OF THE BASTILLE.

Within a dungeon dark and drear,
A prisoned captive lay,—
A dismal place deep under ground,
Where the glad light of day
Ne'er came to bless or glad the sight;
But silence reigned and chilling night.

Full many years had passed away
With solemn, noiseless tread,
Since he, that lone imprisoned one,
Had lived as with the dead.
The echo of his thoughts he heard,
And feared to answer word for word.

He knew not why he entered there,
All inquiry was vain,—
With saddened tone and troubled heart
He'd asked again, again,
The question of his jailers grim,
But they would speak no word to him.

And now his aching head was bowed,
And the hot tears fell fast,
As busy memory carried him
Far back through years long past,—
He felt again his mother's kiss,
And her soft hand pressed close to his.

"Alas! my mother," thus he cried;
"I see thee but in dreams,
And often in this dungeon drear
Thy gentle visage gleams,
To bless me; and I try to clasp,
But thou dost vanish from my grasp.

"And oft I hear my sister sing
The song I loved so well,
But ever from that gladsome strain
Low solemn murmurs swell;
As if a requiem were sung
For them, the beautiful, the young.

"I know I am an aged man,
For many, many years
Have passed since I, a vigorous youth,
First entered here in tears;
My home, around which flowers bloom,
Changed for this living, loathsome tomb."

But hark! A joyous shout is heard
Along the passage drear,
And bolts are drawn, and locks are broke;
He sinks down in his fear,
And gazes through the darkness deep
With bloodshot eyes, that can not weep.

But hark! That shout is at his door,
A shout of victory,—
And red lights gleam; and anxious eyes
Are peering in to see
That old man, with long gray hair,
Crouched like a lion on his lair.

"Thou'rt free! Thou'rt free!" they gladly cry,
As quick his form they raise,
And hurry with that fainting one
Far up the cold stairways,
The same that he, with many more,
Had trod so many years before.

With joyous step they hurry him,
Until the light of day
Bursts on his face; then, with a start,
He breaks from all away,
And gazes, with a strange, wild stare,
On all the crowd collected there.

There were the old, bent down with years,—
The young, with wild, strange eye,—
Who anxiously gazed on the man,
And wondered at his sigh;
While far above this living sea
Arose a shout of victory!

"We're free! We're free!" arose the shout
From many voices now;
"Free! Free!" exclaimed the care-worn man,
And pressed his throbbing brow;
"While goes round the greeting tone,
I stand amid this crowd alone:—

"I have no friends," thus murmurs he;
"Oh, take me back again!
For in that cold, dim solitude
Some vestige would remain
Of her, my mother—her I loved;
Of those, my sisters twain!
Oh, take me back, for they are dead;
I have no place to rest my head!"

And then his grief-worn face grew white,
He sunk upon the ground;
And when they went to raise him up,
No answering pulse was found.
He'd gone to those he wished to see,
With them he was forever free!

"LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD."

FORTH came a misty, silent throng,
From out the church-yard drear,
Such as would make the stout man's heart
Quake with a sudden fear.
All dimly they came, the forms once loved
Of the beautiful, the proud,
With the glare of their horrible sightless eyes,
And each in his burial shroud.
And some were there, the skeleton ones,
With white and rattling bones,
But they rose in silence out of the earth
From under their epitaph stones.
And it seemed as if, in low, deep tones,
Each spectral figure said:
"We go to bury the dead to-night,—
'Let the dead bury their dead.'"
Lo! see the sallow moonbeams shine
On the skeleton and shade.
They are standing there 'mid the old gray stones
By the deep grave they have made;
And they lay 'neath the earth a body of flesh,
While their forms are at foot and head,
As the moon sheds down her sallow beams
On the cold face of the dead;
Then the strange words came again from the chant,
And the night wind bore them along,—
"'We bury the dead,' henceforth he joins
Our revels and our song."

Then they covered the grave with moss and leaves,
In those dreary, solemn hours;
"For," they said, "the dead are soon forgot,—
No friend will bring us flowers."

They vanished away, for morning had come,
And I glanced in silent dread;
For naught could I see but moss-grown stones
On the houses of the dead.

Lo! asleep I had been in the old kirk-yard,
With my head on an old gray stone;
For I'd wandered there that autumn day,
'Mongst its noble trees alone.
There I sat and read in Holy Writ
Of the words our Christ once said:
"Thou shalt surely follow me,
Let the dead bury their dead."
In fancy's eye I saw the shade forms
Of those skeletons so grim,
And I dreamed I heard each voice low chant
That dirge-like, solemn hymn.
But though a dream, I know not why,
As if a voice had said,—
Forever that dirge, with low, deep sound,
Like the measured tolling of a bell,
Saith: "Let the dead bury their dead!"

---

LAST ODE SUNG AT THE COMMENCEMENT, 1851.

The summer cloud that floated
Across the azure sky;
The flower that opened gently,
And seemed too fair to die;
The dew that sparkled brightly
In morning's cheerful light;
Have vanished in their beauty,
Forever from our sight.

And yet we well remember
The grateful shadow thrown;
And still a pleasant odor
From that dead flower is blown.
The vanished tear of evening
Lives in the brighter hue;
And as the flowers open,
They bless the gentle dew.

So may we give the weary
A soft and tender shade;
So may we leave a perfume
Like that the flower has made;
So may our memories linger
In acts which still are seen;
E'en as the dew-drop liveth
Within the brighter green!

---

MY DREAM.

A LOVELY dream there came the other night,
And filled my heart with quiet, placid joy:
I thought a waving forest circled me,—
The oak, the monarch of the wood, was there,
The graceful elm, the lofty moaning pine,
The poplar, and the beach, and many more,
Too numerous to name them one by one.
Sweet streams were gushing through the soft green grass,
And blue-eyed violets raised their tiny heads
To catch the cheering beams of the warm sun.
In that sweet flower I fancied I could see
The one who loved the swain, and died of grief
Because he loved her not; and whom kind Jove

Did change into this flower, which still uplifts
Its gentle eye to gaze upon his face.
The moss was spangled o'er with tiny stars,
Bright little gems, of a pale yellow hue,
Which close their dewy eyes when noon comes on.
I thought of the great One who made them all
For us his children.
Then I heard a sweet voice sing
A low and gentle strain, and words like these:

"Bright angels hover
Around thy path,
And a sweet mission
Every one hath:—
Some to strew flowers
Of peace in thy way;
Some to protect thee
In the night shadows gray;
Some to afflict thee,
But 'tis for thy good,
For the Father Almighty
Hath decreed they should.
Oh! if thou lovest
God's only Son,
Angels shall bear thee
Up to his throne."

The voice then ceased, and I in wonder thought
How true these words did seem; for angels bright
Do hover round to keep us from all harm.
It was a glorious dream, and left upon
My soul a placid, calm, and gentle joy.

## LINES.

There is no heart but hath at times sad feeling,
Which follows closely as the human shadow;
None are exempt from this, the high, the low,
Alike have sorrow in their bosoms stealing,
E'en as the funeral bell forever pealing.

We hear the laugh and joyous bursts of pleasure;
But still, how oft a fair exterior
Covers a fruit decayed at the core!
How oft some glittering tinsel seems a treasure!
And so we can not tell of happiness the measure.

How many who, amid the worldly throng
Are gay when sparkles wine and costly gem,
When many wish that they may be like them!
But still their laughter dieth with their song,
And when they are alone they weep the hours along.

And, too, how often, when we try to sing,
A choking sob will come and hush the voice,
And tell us of the past time's vanished joys!
Just so the wounded robin tries its wing,
But sinks exhausted down, no strength can bring.

Yet, why should we be thus oppressed with woe?
Why should a laugh be oftentimes the guise
To hide the grief within, which ever cries
With a loud voice? It is to make us know
That happiness ne'er dwelleth here below.

## SNOW.

Softly now the still snow falleth,
Wrapping earth in white;
Hiding every tiny flower,
Every leaf, from sight;
Making on the lowly cottage
Snowy roofing bright.

'Mong the leafless forest monarchs
Comes it silent down;
Glittering on the topmost branches,
Like a diamond crown;
Wrapping in its snowy mantle
All their branches brown.

Now from out the village school-house
Run the gladsome boys;
How each eye with brightness glistens!
How each bosom joys!
For a treasure seemeth snowballs
More than books or toys.

Now the prints of feet are falling
Faster than the snow,
As the merry youths and maidens
Here and thither go;
Little heeding freezing fingers
Or the winds that blow.

When the snow hath ceased its falling,
Come the sun's glad rays;
Lighting earth to silvery brightness,
With their dazzling blaze;
Making eyes to weep, as vainly
They would strive to gaze.

Now the old church and its spire
  Glisten more and more;
While the noble chestnut monarch,
  Sparkling brightly o'er,
Seem like pure unearthly guardians
  Either side the door.

Now the snow-clad graves are shining
  In the dazzling light;
Emblems of the holy vesture
  Worn in regions bright,
By the spirit of the loved ones
  Vanished from our sight.

How like frost our old age cometh!
  By its chilling wand
Life's warm current slower courseth,
  Palsied is the hand,
Man is stripped of outward beauty,
  Naught but soul can stand.

But like snow the still death cometh,
  Morn, or noon, or night;
Covering all from mortal vision,
  Silently with might;
Hiding all the forms of loved ones
  From our eager sight.

---

## THOUGHTS.

Youth, with its sparkling eye,
  The opening flowers and leaves with colors rife,
Joy, with its happy tones, and music sweet,
  All speak of life.

The howling blasts, the gloomy brow of night,
Ground frozen by the winter's icy breath;
The cold, dim shadows of the dreary tomb,
All murmur "death."

Old age with crippled limb, the past's dim page;
The tree with blasted stump and faded leaf,
All seem to whisper in sepulchral tones:
"Life is so brief."

And with a gloomy heart and sad,
We see the flower buds of this life decay;
We see the gentle ones our hearts so loved
Vanish away.

But shades of night but come before the morn,
Bright in the glory of its mighty king;
And summer follows winter's icy breath,
When zephyrs sing.

The flower may wither, but the seed is there,
And soon will peep again from out the ground;
The worm is changed into a brighter thing,
New life hath found.

And surely as the ground receives our form,
We like the seed which in the ground hath lain,
With glory on the resurrection morn
Shall rise again!

## THE SUNSHINE.

"Oh! the merry, merry sunshine! It makes the heart so gay."

Oh! the sunshine is so pleasant,
In the joyous days of spring;
When the leaf-buds open silently,
And the rills are murmuring.

When the air is soft as lute notes,
And each thing seems fresh and new;
And the heart drinks in earth's beauties,
As flowers the morning dew.

Oh! sad would be this bright earth,
If no joyous sunshine played;
If it sparkled not on rivers,
Or on dew of green grass blade:

If no rich, red rays were dancing
Upon the cottage wall;
Oh! ever o'er this earth of ours
Would hang a darksome pall.

So are the sad and lonely,
When no kind words are spoken;
As 'mid this earth, so drear to them,
They wander spirit-broken.

Oh! speak one word of kindness,
One word, howe'er so light,
And it will steal into the heart
As steals the sunshine bright.

There is a sunshine of the face;
A kind and pleasant glance
May waken many a dreary one
From out a lonely trance.

We little know the influence
A gentle look hath given;
We can not tell how much it taught
Of God, of hope, of heaven.

And there's a sunshine of the soul,
One bright and glorious day;
'Tis when the clouds of heaven's wrath
From o'er it roll away.

Then beams the Sun of Righteousness,
With holy lustre bright;
Oh! pray we, then, with fervent hearts,
Send us, great God, that light.

Oh! shine into our darkened minds,
Send us thy heavenly grace;
Then shall the sunshine of the soul
Be ever on our face.

And when our breath has passed away,
To earth our bodies given;
Then may the sunshine of our look
Perfected be in heaven.

---

## A COMMENCEMENT ODE.

Life has been a pleasant river,
But with a resistless tide,
And our barks have floated onward,—
Floated onward, side by side.
Now the stream is deeper growing,
Rushing to the heaving main;
And we part upon its waters,
Mayhap, ne'er to meet again.

Sisters, if our barks were floating,
Ever floating, side by side,
With no cloud to mar the heaven,
Scarce a ripple on the tide,—
With no storms that tossed the billows
Madly o'er the ocean's breast,—
We should seek no safer haven,
Long not for the land of rest.

Mingling with life's heaving ocean
Is death's dark and turbid stream;
And we all must pass its waters,
Ere the land upon us gleam.
Let us pray our barks shall never
Turn to view the shore of night,
But shall stream upon the waters
Radiance from the land of light.

One hath said, with words of power,
That His children need not fear;
When in waters dark they enter,
He himself their course will steer.
Let us pray that Christ the holy,
Who these blessed words hath given,
Will be pilot o'er the billows,
Safely guide each bark to heaven.

When the voyage of life is over,
And death's gloomy stream is passed,
Let us, purified in spirit,
Meet in that blessed land at last.

This the hope to cheer us onward,
And though mournfully we part,
Yet we know there is a heaven
Waiting for the pure in heart.

May this heart to each be given!
Father, may we ever dwell
In that land of love and beauty,
Where is echoed no farewell!

---

## "HO, TO THE LAND OF SHADOWING WINGS!"

Far in the vista of the past
A prophet old and gray
Gave to the chosen ones of God
A glimpse of this, our day;
And echo yet those glorious words
Of olden prophecy,
Over the lands that voice hath gone;
And the islands of the sea
Are answering, while the ocean's waves
Roar it tumultuously.
Ho, to the land of shadowing wings!
Ho! echoes forth that voice
To the stricken son of Israel,
And maketh him rejoice.
Ho! no oppression meeteth thee,—
No sneers of tyrant scorn;
But over thy Jerusalem
Untroubled thou mayst mourn.
Come to our land of sheltering wings!
God, hear our humble cries;
Rend thou in this, our shadowing land,
The vail that shrouds their eyes.
Lord, thou hast made our happy land
Bright as the noon of day,
And kept, with all its fury,
The red-mouthed war at bay;

For we have lent to thee; to us
Thy promise thou hast given,
"Who blesseth Israel, I bless,
E'en from the courts of heaven!"

Ho, to the land of shadowing wings!
That distant voice hath come,
Beneath their shelter all may find
A free and happy home.
The "Gem of Ocean" caught the sound
And to the joyous strain
A famished people lent an ear,
And echoed it again;
Forth o'er the ocean came a voice:
"Come, take of our full store,
For we a goodly portion have,—
Pressed down and running o'er."
The poor were fed; and the wild despair,
The famine, the death-clasped hand,
Changed to the upturned eye of praise
And blessings on our land.
They who give to the famished poor,
To the Lord Almighty lend;
And he a three-fold portion
As recompense shall send.
Lord, thou hast blessed us! thankfully
We own thy gracious care;
And many an humble heart is bowed
To thee, O God, in prayer!

Ho, to the land of shadowing wings!
Where the good and brave have trod;
Ho, to the sparkling fountain—
Freedom to worship God!

Drink of its limpid waters,—
Of the priceless life-boon given;
For the source is a spring of beauty,
Close by the courts of heaven.

Ours no Austrian eagle,
With wings of a gloomy dye;
Ours no Prussian eagle,
With pinions that may not fly;
Ours no Russian eagle,
With its double thievish stare,
Like the glance of a demon hyena
Roused from its midnight lair.
But ours are golden pinions,
Stretched wide and ever free,
With a true and sheltering welcome,
To our land beyond the sea.
Ho, to our land of shelter!
Here shall the exiles find
Man of the *generous* heart is free
As the untrammeled wind;—
Free as the bounding ocean,
Free as the arching dome;
Free, for our fathers gained it,
Blessings on every home.
Kossuth, each true-born freeman
Giveth his heart and hand,
He who refuseth is *bondman*,
*Slave*, though in this our land.
Cowards are never freemen
Wheresoever they be;
The *selfish* are always in thraldom,
Their *hearts* are their tyranny.

Lo! see our eagle stretcheth
  Widely its shadowing wings,
And from its golden pinions
  A glorious radiance flings;
And that light hath lured the nations
  To our country of the free;
And that light *shall* lure the nations,
  Till the *world* have liberty.

Lo! as an eagle proveth
  Its young by the sun's bright glare,
And if they, blinded, waver,
  An outcast's lot they share;
So do we lead the nations
  To the sun of liberty,
And if its brightness blindeth,
  They may not be the free.
But if brave Hungary gazeth
  Undazzled on its light,
We with our sheltering pinions
  Will guard her upward flight.

---

TO A LADY.

Violets 'neath their broad leaves hiding,
  Breathing perfume constantly;
Dew-drops bending down the flowers,
  Emblems, lady, are of thee.
Kindness is the mystic perfume
  That the gentle spirit breathes;
And benevolence, like dew-drops,
  O'er the soul a brightness wreathes.

TO ——.

In thy heart a bright flame gleams,
And thou canst not hide its beams;
For thy rich dark eyes are bright
With its pure and holy light.

Love has breathed its mystic spell
Round thy heart, I know full well;
For the blushes all reveal
What thou strivest to conceal.

---

SHADOWS.

Shadows are ever
Seen upon earth;
But though so dreary,
Light gives them birth;—
Light that surroundeth
Things which we love;—
Light from the bright sun
Shining above.

Shadows are gliding
Round our hearth-stone,
Death may have entered
To darken our home;
More deep the affliction,
From God comes more aid;
For brighter the light is
The deeper the shade.

Visions steal often
  At night to the breast,
Shadowy visions
  Of those who are blest;
Dimly we see them,
  Forms we still love,
Of those who are happy
  In bright realms above.

There are shadows of morning,
  And shadows of noon,
And shadows of evening,
  And shadows of gloom;
And soft shades by moonlight
  Have oft given birth
To fanciful things,
  Which seem not of earth.

Life's morning is lovely,
  And soft is its light,
But the shadows of morning
  Point ever toward night;
Life's evening is dreary,
  Of sunshine 'tis shorn;
But the shadows of evening
  Point ever toward morn!

---

THE KING OF THE JEWS.

Sing ye the praise of our mighty Jehovah,
  Sing all ye people, resound it abroad;
Who 'mid the gods of the reprobate heathen
  Doeth such wonders as Israel's God?

Horsemen and horses 'neath waters he buried,
None of grim idols the death-shriek would list;
But o'er the king and the nobles of Egypt
Madly in foamings the wild billows hissed.
Through times of sadness our people he leadeth,
As in the days of their troubles so dire;
Always he is, though invisible, near us,—
Day hath its cloud and the night hath its fire.
Praise Him, so awful in glory and power,
Cursed be that tongue that his praise shall refuse;
Cursed be the heart that refuseth to own Him,
Mighty Jehovah, King of the Jews!
Thus did Jehovah's ancient people sing,—
Thus shout the praises of their mighty King.

Lo! upon sad Calvary's mountain
See the cross is raised on high,
And a form is placed upon it,
He the Godhead of the sky.
List! The booming thunder groaneth,
'Mid the dark and cloudy pall;
Earth is quaking, rocks are rending,
Terrors on the guilty fall;
While the lurid lightning showeth
Solemn words we must not lose,—
O'er the cross is this inscription:
"Jesus, King of all the Jews!"
Lo! for guilty man he dieth,—
He whom prophets long foretold;
He who came to save the erring,
The lost ones of Israel's fold.
But, alas! with wild derision
Treated they the Lord of heaven;

Yet e'en on the cross he prayeth :
"Father, let them be forgiven !"
" On our heads, and on our children's,
Be his blood !" they madly cry ;
And those words were registered
In the mighty courts on high.
After ages saw 'mid bondage
They the once so loved of heaven,
But e'en yet that cry is echoed :
" Father, let them be forgiven !"

Lo ! 'mid clouds the Savior cometh,
Seated on his mighty throne,
While the earth and heaven fleeth,
With a deep, convulsive groan ;
And the ocean gives its dead
To the great tribunal dread.
Saints with trembling lips are praising ;
Loud the wild, despairing cry :
" Hide us, oh, ye mountains, hide us
From Jehovah's awful eye !"

Now repentant, they behold him—
Him whom they so madly scorned ;
And with deep-felt grief acknowledge
God once o'er their city mourned.
But forever are they banished
In the realms of dark despair ;
There, while endless ages roll,
With the wicked ones to share.

Israel now hath owned its Savior,
They have had their sins forgiven ;
With the Christian Gentile dwell they
Ever in the courts of heaven ;

And no more the King of Jewry
Israel in her glory sings,
But the Jew and Gentile joineth,
"Lord of lords, and King of kings!"

---

A FRAGMENT.

Silent is the little chamber,
Silent now, and lone,
Save the old clock ticking, ticking,
With its solemn tone;
As the pendulum is swinging
Measuredly and slow,
Counting all the passing minutes
As they swiftly go.

On a couch an infant lieth,
Parting is the breath;
And the life, like captive dove,
Struggleth now with death.
Dimly burns the waning candle,
Flickering high and tall,
Casting shadows long and fitful
Up against the wall.

Beats the heart yet fainter, fainter,
Friends low whispering speak;
Fadeth now the roseate color
From the lip and cheek;
And the little hands are lying
White upon the breast,
And a moan, and then a silence,
Tells of heaven's guest;
Could an angel seem more holy
In that quiet rest?

Ceaseth now the mournful ticking;
And the flickering light,
Casting strange convulsive shadows,
Fadeth from the sight.
But a ray of light is glimmering
Faintly in the room,
As the spirit upward flitteth
Through the solemn gloom.

---

PARTING SONG.

Listen to the melody,
Hark! It hath its closing strain;
Gaze upon the fragile flower,
Blooming but to die again.
See the white waves, hand in hand,
Parting on the pebbly beach;
And the melody and flower,
And the waves, a lesson teach.

Teach that partings ever come,
Teach that earthly joys must die,
Teach that happy hours must end
Like the strains of melody;
Yet the waves of love and joy,
And the flowers to us given,
And the sweetest melody,
Part, nor die, nor end in heaven.

## MOUNTAINS.

O'er all this goodly earth of ours
Are mountains grand and high,
Like giant fingers pointing still
Up to the solemn sky.
'Neath burning sun, 'mid dreary snows,
In distant foreign clime,
And in our own loved land, they stand
In majesty sublime.
We rest beneath their shadow,
And each lofty feeling stirs
As we survey their mighty forms
Standing like conquerors.
Our hearts drink in sublimity,
And holy thoughts are given,
We rise with them above earth's storms,
And upward gaze to heaven.
Well may we then remember
That patriarch of old,
To whom a wrathful, angry God
Earth's punishment foretold.
And who, when all the earth was drowned,
And waters heaped above
The highest mount, sent from the ark
His messenger,—a dove.
Rescued at last from wave and wind,
The ark securely sat
Upon the summit, broad and high,
Of mountain Ararat.

'Twas from a mountain cold and stern,
God's awful law was given.

There Israel's leader, face to face,
Spake with the Lord of heaven.
Alas! how different now the place
Where once that glory shone!
Now tribes of Arabs, with their chiefs,
Hold that fair spot alone.
Once, half way up its grassy sides
A Christian convent stood;
But Moslems clustered round its walls,
Like hounds that scented blood.

We may not Horeb's mount forget;
Or Carmel, green and fair;
Or the smooth slopes of Olivet,
Where Christ went forth for prayer.

Oh! unlike these those lofty mounts,
Whose tops are capped with snow,
Like giants gazing sternly down
Upon the vales below.
Such are the noble Pyrenees,
Piercing to heaven's gate,
Where Roland fell, with all his men,
At Roncesvalles' strait.
Far down one side a rugged waste
Of rocks and stones is seen;
And on the other, slope tall groves,
With wavy grain between.
Often the roar of plunging heaps
Of snow breaks on the ear;
The peasant hears the dread Lavange,
And shivers in his fear.

O'er Switzer's valleys proudly rise
The Alps upon the sight,
Forever wrapped, like spectral forms,
In garments snowy white.
Beneath are fields—above is snow,—
Old age and sprightly youth;
The flowers speak of innocence,
The whitened snow of truth.
Well might the ancients deem that fiends
Dwelt in those mountains high,
And hurled the mighty torrents down
With a wild demon cry.
Here great Saint Bernard rises up,
Genevre in his pride,
And Jungfrau in her stateliness,
With Streckhorn at her side;
And nobly in their mighty midst,
Like haughty emperors,
Mount Rosa and Saint Gothard stand,
Mount Blanc in grandeur soars.

Aye! gaze with awe upon the Alps,—
Their chasms deep below,
O'er which the hunter's daring foot
Treads on the treacherous snow;
The awful hush, the silence dread,
Of spots before unseen,
Save by the chamois or the goat,
Or eagle's eye so keen;
View thunder-clouds beneath your feet,
Behold the lightning's glance;
Then gaze upon the snow-capped heights
And ask: "Came these by chance?"

There are the mighty Appenines,
Whose fame in history glows,
From which the yellow Tiber rolls,
And pleasant Arno flows.

Hungary, the bleeding and oppressed,
Can boast her mountains too,
Which stand as firmly as the souls
Of her own children do.
Full many a safe retreat they made
To those poor wand'rers driven,
Who knew no place to seek for aid,
Except from them and heaven.

The Urals gird the Russian wastes,
And in their bosoms hold
Vast mines of wealth; rich, precious gems,
And veins of purest gold.

The snow-clad Dofrines, Sweden's pride,
Hear the Atlantic roar,
Their strong arms brave the ocean waves,
On Norway's sea-girt shore.
Within their shadow she was born,
Who sent across the sea,
Her pure, good words to cheer us on
In the country of the free.
And, too, from Sweden's distant lands
A nightingale has come,
To thrill us with the warblings
Learned in that northern home.

The Himalaya's lofty peaks,
A mighty giant band,
Stretch from the Ganges golden stream
To Cashmere's pleasant land.

The dweller 'neath Italian skies
Oft sees a fiery glare,
Go up from dark Vesuvius' top
Into the midnight air;
And far 'mid Iceland's dreary snows
Volcanic Hecla stands,
Forever pouring forth its rage
Though bound with icy bands.
The sailors on the dreary coast
Of new found Adelaide
Tell us what mountains skirt the shore,
Of icy pillars made.

Oh, Greece! the fair and fallen Greece!
The land of love and song,
To which so many tales of fear
And loveliness belong;
Where beauty smiles on moonlit tower
And plays in marble hall,
And thrilling memories cluster round
Where'er our footsteps fall;
Thy chiefest romance lingers yet
Around thy mountains old,
Towering o'er ruined battlement
So noble and so bold.
Pelion and Ossa raise their heads
Each one a lofty mount,
And from the side of Helicon
Springs the Castalian fount.

Parnassus and Olympus soar,
Of which the poets dream,
A mystery hangs in every tree
And glitters in each stream.
Once 'mid their shade grand temples stood,
And statues rich and rare;
And votaries kneeled before these shrines,
And offered many a prayer.

Nor in the first known world alone
Do mountain ranges rear,
They rise in grandeur o'er the *west*,
The land *we* hold so dear;
The Andes, in their mighty cells,
Have richest metal stored,
And lose themselves far in the west,
In regions unexplored.

See the mighty Chimborazo rise
Far up above the snow,
The monarch of the sea of hills
That round him lies below.
Oh, yes! and in our own dear home,
The land of liberty,
'Mid all its lakes and mighty streams
What mountain chains we see!
Around the Cordilleras wild
Hangs many a legend old,
Of those who climbed with cautious foot—
The Indian hunters bold.
Upon their rugged tops the pines
Rear up their branches high,
Casting a dense, thick, twilight shade,
That shuts out all the sky.

The condor's scream breaks on the ear,
  The eagle builds her nest
Far in those grand and lofty heights,
  Where man can ne'er molest.
They are the home of liberty,
  Wherever mountains be;
There, sheltered from the grasp of kings,
  Dwell spirits pure and free.
Lift up a song of triumph then
  For the mountains' barren sod,
And pour a strain of gratitude
  To the master-builder—God!

---

SUMMER EVENING.

Now the night is coming slowly,
  Like a nun with shrouding vail,
And the twilight shadows thicken,
  Over hill, and wood, and dale;
Through the evening mist that rises
  Trees like giant fingers seem,
Pointing still and quiet upward,
  Where the stars serenely gleam.

Now yon lake, with wooded island,
  Seems all peacefully at rest,
As a mother sweetly sleepeth,
  With her child upon her breast.
On its shores each leaf dew-laden
  Bendeth o'er the surface fair,
Gazing at its drooping image
  By the starlight mirrored there.

Over all a stillness reigneth,
In each dale and on each hill,
Naught disturbs the breathless silence,
Save the noise of busy mill;
For its distant echo cometh,
Up the wooded hilly steep,
And, like constant moanings soundeth,
Making silence seem more deep.

Now the church-yard in the distance
Showeth by the pale star light,
And, like sentinels, the white stones
Seem to guard the graves to-night;
But the old church, crowned with ivy,
Is so like the dark gray sky,
That one scarce can see its spire
Pointing solemnly on high.

Life is still in all the village;
For night's muffled footsteps fall
At the door of lowly cottage
And old mansion wide and tall,—
And their inmates now are sleeping
Quietly, in slumber deep,—
How like them within the church-yard,
Resting in unbroken sleep!

---

ELLIE RUE.

All among the woods and meadows
Where the prettiest flowers grew,
Bounding like a little fairy,
Wandered darling Ellie Rue.
Shaking gay her curling tresses,
Trilling merrily her song;

Culling all the brightest flowers,
Tripped the pretty child along.
Long she wandered in the forest,
Where the sunbeams scarcely glanced,
Where the waving fern-leaves' shadows
All across the pathway danced ;
With her tripping and her singing,
Basket swinging on her arm,
Ellie never thought of sadness,
Ellie never dreamed of harm.
So emerging from the forest,
Which was echoing her song,
Tripped she toward the bridge-spanned current,
Bounding, like herself, along.
On the logs sat little Ellie,
Gazing in the waves below,
As the golden gems of sunlight
Sparkled on their crests of snow.
Noble trees, and reeds, and bushes,
Many a dark'ning shadow threw,
Which seemed bridges for the fairies
To the mind of Ellie Rue.
Thus in thoughtful mood while sitting,
Gazing in the waters deep,
With her cheek on white arm lying,
Thus the darling fell asleep ;
And she dreamed about the fairies,
Till the murmurs of the stream
Seemed to her their joyous voices
Singing to her in the dream.
Low, sweet voices sang, " Dear Ellie ;"
And as fancy richer grew,—
Springing lightly with the flowers
In the waves sank Ellie Rue.

Long they sought the little darling,
  Calling for her,—all in vain;
Shouting—listening; but the forest
  Sent their voices back again.

In a bed of reeds they found her,
  With her basket by her side,
With her tresses floating round her,
  From her little hat untied.
Eyes were closed as if in slumber,
  And the sun his radiance threw
On the dead, but life-like features
  Of the darling Ellie Rue.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE GREAT SORROW.

The eighteenth birthday passed by; a collegiate course of study accomplished and crowned with honors; possessed of attractions of a high order, with fine literary tastes; the world, in its higher aims, had many fascinations for Miss Smalley, and the time passed by gayly and swiftly.

Already she was engaged to be married. Her intended, a young man of great worth, was Mr. William Hermanns, and the marriage was to take place when she should be twenty-two.

That year came quickly about; but not to bring the wedding-day or the absent lover. It was to bring the overthrow of earthly hopes; it was to bring a trial of terrible severity, which should call out undeveloped qualities of an extraordinary character, and result in changing all her plans and prospects for two worlds.

Mr. Hermanns was in California, superintending large and responsible business interests, and was approaching the close of a three years' lucrative engagement. Declining health had been guardedly

named in the correspondence. He made trial of a visit to Honolulu, and returned. A letter now came written by him in pencil, while lying on his bed. Grasping the facts, she begged the privilege of hastening to him.

But such a journey, with the discomforts and tediousness of it, inexperienced and unattended, seemed to her friends like a living burial. To interpose, however, was worse. It was not the flash of impulse, but an impelling conviction that it was her high privilege and honor to go, regardless of personal cost —a conviction that rose superior to all obstacles. To a friend she afterward wrote: "I knew that he could never come to me, but that I must go there."

The privilege was conceded. In one week she was on her way alone to the distant port of San Francisco. On the voyage to Panama, she wrote:

"I still think I shall see him. I scarcely dare hope; but pray to God for him. Oh! if he is spared but a little longer, I could be happy—happy. Last night I dreamed of being stopped halfway on my journey, and of having it all to go over again. The necessity of going seemed there yet; something told me, and tells me still,—'Go, go!' Oh! my dear mother, how can I ever pay the kindness that permitted me and gave me the means of going from New York? I may pay back the gold, and I pray God to let me live that it may be refunded; but the kindness, the love that prompted the act, dear mother, a lifetime can never repay. If I have ever given you pain, forgive me. I trust never to do so more. Bless you, mother. Be careful of yourself; for if I were to lose both my treasures, I could not live."

A favoring Providence saw to it that she had no lack of kind attentions. Still writing, on the outward voyage, she added:

"My being alone seems to recommend me to everybody; for this morning I am on speaking terms with quite a number. My seat is No. 3, next to the captain. Mr. W. comes to talk every evening with Mrs. A. and me—both poor, lone women. When I want to go on deck some one is always ready to take me. Dr. W., who has had all to do with making treaties with the Californian Indians, I find very agreeable. Mr. P., also, is polite. So I meet with respectful attention wherever I go.

"If I were to give way to my feelings, and keep by myself, I could not control my mind; so I go as much as possible with other people, and try to amuse my eyes and ears, if not my heart. This life (at sea) is novel, and perhaps will make me forget my trouble in a measure; and when I feel sad and miserable, I shall take my Bible to read. I have no disposition to read anything else. The Bible comforts me, and I feel a peace after reading it that no other book gives me. * * * If the worst comes * * * yet grief never kills soon, it is a wearing grief that kills; and future years shall determine that for me. * * * No land is visible yet; nothing but the deep blue of the sea, and the feathery foam rushing all over it. * * * Last night I looked out in the night—no land; nothing but the ocean and the silent stars. One bright star made a wavy line of light on the water, like the moon. At first I thought it was ——, then I thought of my journey's end, and again I prayed for its successful termination. Thoughts will wander over the sea, to those I love and to him I seek."

After days of wasting anxiety, she reached Panama. There the fearful blow came. There she learned that now for weeks the form so much ad-

mired had lain in the grave! Among strangers, far from home and friends, the shock was well-nigh too severe. With her pencil she wrote:

"*My dear Mother:*—He is dead—dead. * * * I want to go to his grave, mother, and to make all the inquiries possible about him. It will be a life-long comfort to me. Do not fear for me. The Lord has supported me, and will support me. 'No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous. Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.' Oh, may this chastening be blessed to me! * * * It will only make one month's difference to you, and it will be such a comfort to me to see those who were with him in his last hours. * * * Do not worry about me. I am in God's hands, and he doeth all for the best; but it is bitter, bitter trial; but God knows best; it is all right. He is in heaven. God give me grace to meet him there. It is but a little while, and we go the way of all the earth too. * * * Pray for me; for without his help I am nothing. Do not worry about me, for I think of you all the time, and knowing what your feelings are it makes me feel worse. God will support me in my bitter trouble, and I know I shall feel more resigned in a little while. To come home immediately I could not bear. I must visit his grave."

In a letter, some time afterward, she wrote:

"At Panama I heard of the death of my heart's idol. God alone knows what sorrow was mine! I feel now that the angels had charge of me. I feel now, though then I did not realize it, that God supported me, and that I was held up in the everlasting arms of his love. Though crushed to the earth, I determined to go to San Francisco, in order to make myself acquainted with all the particulars."

She pursued her journey, reached the friends who

watched over him, went to the room where he died, obtained the mournful details, visited his grave and wept over it. A three days' tarry, and, broken in spirit, she set out on the homeward voyage, alone, as never before, and comfortless.

From childhood she had been in the Sunday school. Some five years before, she had made a public avowal of faith in Christ, in connection with the Church of the Holy Trinity, where her mother then was and still is a member. For years she had been an active and prominent teacher in its school.

Turning from a world that no more could charm, and that was giving out only signs and sounds of emptiness and desolation, she attempted to cast herself upon the supports of religion. But trouble, new and unsuspected, and even deeper, was at hand. No hope for this world, and none for the world to come! To repose upon Christ in *spirit* was an unknown experience. With the letter and the form of it she was familiar; but to the *spirit* of dependence and trust she was a stranger. Her earthly prospects all blasted, how intensified was her wretchedness to find that she was also an alien from the commonwealth of Israel!

There was no one human to whom she could unburden a breaking heart. Only God could be addressed, and only in the Bible could an answering voice come to her. Turning away from creatures all, she ceased not to search the Scriptures, imploring divine interposition. She was now on the sea, bound homeward.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE JOY UNSPEAKABLE.

MANY days again the lone traveler was on the way; and, as one would return from the dead, she one day, unannounced, entered her mother's house.

But that return voyage had been witness to an event by far the most important of her life. It had been full of heaven; for on the deep, and with the Bible alone as guide, she had obtained life in Christ. Old things had passed away; behold, all things had become new. Much more than all that could be lost was more than found in Christ. Unearthly supports were felt. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Nay, another world and other relations, infinitely higher and happier, were now making an easy conquest of all her thoughts.

The story of her sorrow was rehearsed, and with it the history of her redemption from a death that never dies. But was she not already a member of the church? Yes. Vainly, however, did friends, together with her beloved pastor, insist that for years she had been a Christian. No, she replied; that was a theory approved and cherished intellect-

ually, this is knowledge from heartfelt experience; that was Christ in the heavens, this is Christ in the soul.

On such a point her own words would be much preferred. I am not aware that she has left, in writing, any extended account of that great change, but brief allusions to it occur often in her letters. In one she employs the following language:

"In God's great mercy this trial came, and I sought to find consolation in my religion. Alas! it was a broken reed. I had really no God; I was without hope in the world. My soul was utterly desolate. These were the means employed to make me see my evil heart, and to lead me to call upon God for mercy."

To a cousin in the far West she wrote:

"I can say: 'Before I was afflicted I went astray.' Perhaps you did not hear of my trouble, my cousin, and how merciful my blessed Jesus was to such an ungrateful, forgetful creature as I. Perhaps you heard of my lonely journey to San Francisco, and of earthly hopes all blasted. * * * I will not weary you with the particulars of my three days' tarry in San Francisco, but merely state that I am sincerely thankful that I went. It was a melancholy satisfaction to see his friends, to go to the room where he died, and to visit his grave.

"So God blasted all my earthly hopes, and left me sorrowing. Blessed be his holy name, I was not left comfortless! For Jesus' sake he sent his Holy Spirit to convince me of sin and righteousness. I found the blessed Savior the friend needed by me. He has become very precious—the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely. * * * Now I have earnest desires for the salvation of others. Now I desire to be useful in

the vineyard of my Lord. Now it is my prayer that Jesus would conform me more to his image, and enable me to use time, talents, everything I have, to his honor and glory."

That she should have been misled on a point vital above all others, created a sense of insecurity in respect to other doctrinal views which she had cherished; and having obtained the much-needed light directly from the fountain source, she determined to subject every doctrine she held to the same unerring test—the Bible and prayer.

Besides, infinite debtor to his grace as she felt herself to be, she was intensely desiring to know his whole will concerning her, and was prepared to follow whithersoever he should lead, and at any cost.

The rite of baptism administered to any others than believers, and any other use of water in that rite than an immersion, "buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him," became grave questions. These difficulties were frankly laid before her pastor and his counsels solicited.

Books were obtained for her, and were eagerly read. Yes; but she insisted that the Bible presented another view,—the Bible was against them, and *it* must be sole arbiter. What is called, by way of reproach, "close communion," she saw must inevitably follow, and she bowed in acquiescence. Other doctrines, known especially as "the doctrines of *grace*"—God's everlasting and unchangeable love for his people, opened before her with winning love-

liness, and the clearness of demonstration. To one, she wrote:

"My views on doctrinal points have changed. Clearly do I see *it is all of grace.* I fear to sin, because I *love* my Lord."

Again she wrote:

"There is no solid comfort in the world. 'The peace which passeth all understanding' is only derived from an humble trust in the merits of a crucified Savior. * * * Oh! what unmerited mercy has been shown to us, poor sinners! From what a horrible pit have our feet been drawn! Upon what a firm rock have they been placed,—even Christ Jesus! Can we ever be sufficiently grateful that his voice called us; that he looked us into repentance; that his Holy Spirit deigns to dwell in our hearts? Are you not often constrained to cry out:

'Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room?'

Sovereign grace shall have all the glory. 'Not unto *us*, not unto us, but unto *thy name* be *all* the glory!'"

In the course of months she discovered that the principles which she had studied out immediately from the word of God, and warmly welcomed as the mind of the Holy Spirit, were Baptist principles. It was not now a prolonged struggle. Intimate relationships, uniform kindness, marked esteem, long and warm attachments, and cherished associations were on the one hand; Christ and all his wondrous love and wisdom and truth were on the other. The sacrifice was cheerfully made. She came to my house a stranger; gave the history of her conversion, and

a statement of the principles which she had adopted, saying that, if she was regarded a proper subject, she wished to be baptized, and to identify herself with those who held and taught and vindicated these precious truths.

Her health was now broken ; lung disease seemed fastened upon her ; she thought her days on earth would be few, and that therefore what she did must be done quickly. As I looked upon the tall, graceful but wasted form before me, her statement unimpassioned and transparent as light, every part of it pervaded with grateful, artless, resolute love, and stirring the depths of my soul as by a power not of this world, I too, thought that she was fast ripening for the skies,—certainly that, or a career of distinguished usefulness.

She appeared at a church-meeting, and asking permission to rise and stand beside the table, calmly sketched the history of God's great love to her. The church saw and admired the grace of God. Her testimony for Christ was attended by the Holy Spirit ; the impression was profound.

She was immersed March 1, 1857, at the age of twenty-three. It is worthy of record, that her grandparents (long before passed away), on both sides were Baptists. Her grandfather, Rev. Henry Smalley, of New Jersey, had been a settled pastor in one place more than fifty years.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE FIRST THREE YEARS IN THE KINGDOM.

HAVING first given herself to the Lord, and then to us by his will, Miss Smalley's instant care was for others without hope, especially the poor. She was apparently unconscious that in this line of effort she was copying exactly after her Master.

A door of usefulness, such as she coveted, and that she could immediately enter, was opened. Our Mission School room was unoccupied during the day. There she gathered children, the outcasts and the neglected of that neighborhood, for daily instruction; and from house to house, as she went, sowed the seeds of the kingdom.

Bonnets and clothing she made and prepared with her own hands, obtaining for them also caps and shoes. At the expiration of a year, by unwearied kindness, she had won their little hearts completely, and had made their parents her fast friends.

In the mean time, there was a bright, beautiful boy in her own immediate neighborhood, to whom a sister could not have been more devoted. She watched for his soul. He died not long afterward, leaving

the most ample proof that her words ministered grace to him.

She also had the great delight of seeing a young lady, who was her intimate friend, turning her face from the gay world, to seek, with her, enduring riches and righteousness. But three months from the time of her own baptism had passed when this one, though she resided in the upper part of New York City, was baptized and received into the fellowship of the same church, and, with her, entered into the work of the Sunday school. In the annals of another world, it will be found, without doubt, that her example and prayers were the means appointed for drawing this friend to Christ.

With *her*, entered into the work of the Sunday School, I said ; because, besides devoting so much time to those poor children during the week, she entered our Sunday school on the Lord's day.

A class of colored children suddenly made their appearance among us. There had been no class of the kind before, and there was some difference of opinion about what should be done. Instantly she offered her services as their teacher, and earnestly desired the appointment. She was overruled, however, and was put in charge of a class of young ladies.

In one year from the date of her baptism her sister's health required that the family should remove to New Jersey, to make trial of its milder air. A

state of mind at rest, and assured in the truth, together with this change of air, wrought a marvelous change in her own health, so that she became strong and vigorous. There, also, her sister was baptized, and both became members of the First Baptist Church, Bloomfield.

This separation from her Bible Class gave rise to many letters, some of which have recently fallen into my hands. Previously to her leaving, the seven were grouped in a daguerreotype and presented to her. The one of earliest date before me reads thus :

BLOOMFIELD, *June* 7, 1858.

*My very dear M.* :—Just now I took down the daguerreotype to see whom I should write to. Your mischievous eyes instantly attracted me, and so, even though you do not come next in order of age, I shall write to you.

What do you say to my getting out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, listening to the birds and watching the sun rise? This very thing my mother and I do, and you have no idea how we enjoy it. This morning, sitting by our open window, the delightful mountain air laden with perfumes comes in, the birds sing merrily, and the early sunshine wakes everything into a smile. Everything seems praising God, and I trust my heart has an answering echo. I feel all the time like singing that glorious Psalm : " Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !"

Heaven is the place where no discordant sound is heard, but where the grand chorus of praise and adoration goes up from every heart. Do you feel, my dear girl, that you could appreciate such joys? Do you feel that you have now that spirit of praise and adoration? If so, " the kingdom of God is within you." Oh ! to die without a new heart, without an interest in Jesus' blood,

how could you enjoy heaven? It would be no place of happiness to you. This is one reason why I urge you again "to seek the Lord while he may be found, to call upon him while he is near." You know we may be called away from this earth at any time. You know we have both body and soul; that when the body dies, the soul leaves it. You know it is God who sends for the soul, and it appears before him covered with its sins, or clothed in the robe of Christ's righteousness. God will not pass over one sin, they must all be atoned for; and if the poor soul undertakes the penalty, it will be paying the debt through the never-ending ages of the future, yet it will never be canceled. The Lord Jesus saw all this, and for this did he give up his life to be a "ransom for many." He is the propitiation for their sins. You can be saved alone through him. Remember how compassionate was Jesus upon earth, how he received all who came to him, casting none away. Even so now, he is the same,—"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Go to him, M., and beg him to take away your stony heart, to give you a heart of flesh, a heart that you can *feel*. You often told me, all of you, "I do not feel my sins." Then ask the Lord Jesus to give you even the feeling, remembering, however, that *that* does not save, but Christ himself.

You must tell all of the dear girls that I do not forget them, and the one I write to last is not least thought of.

The next letter in order of time is nine months later, and is to the same young lady:

BLOOMFIELD, *March* 5, 1859.

*My dear M.*:—Your letter has often looked me imploringly in the face when my desk has been open, and I have often wished I could sit down and answer it. So it is, however. If you live to be as old as I, you will find your time occupied, every moment of it. You are the oldest of the children; is it not so? The oldest sister, too, so you have and will have enough to keep you busy.

Do you remember the last hard snow-storm we had? Well, I commenced a letter to you then. Unexpectedly I was called away, and the letter was left unfinished. When the opportunity came to add some lines, the snow had all gone, and the days were like the summer. Of course, I could not send that letter to you, for the description of the snow scene would not have been just the thing. Now that I am fairly seated at the task, I expect to have a cozy chat with you.

Although to-day is the 5th of March, yet the wind is knocking at the shutters and shaking the doors as if it were in the middle of December. However, this weather can not last very long. Very soon the buds and blossoms will come, and the green grass will spring up in every field. Then I shall hope to see you and some of the other dear girls. You have been coming to visit me—let me see, about eight months, I think. Now, if you live, the spring must not pass without your coming. I do want to see all of you. How are dear Annie W., and Emma and Emily, Margaret and Sarah? Every Sunday I wish for and pray for you all. * * * You do not know how glad I should be to see you all! Will you tell Emma R. that I received her letter, and intend answering it as soon as possible. Her little brother is dead. * * * God may have chosen these means to cause my dear scholar to think of him. Oh! how it would cheer my heart to know that some of you loved my Savior! You know that he is not *your* Savior until you have an interest in his precious blood. It was not enough that the Lamb was slain, but the blood was to be applied to the door-posts, and then the destroying angel passed by. So, dear M., you must have your heart sprinkled with the blood of Jesus, and then you are safe for this world and the next. You must give up the things you love for death; he will snatch you away from friends and pleasures, and from the world you so much love; why not give them up for Christ? Having him, you have all things; and when you pass through the dark valley, "thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," will be your song. Oh! that I could tell you in a way that

you might feel it how blessed is the love of Christ. Pleasures! My dear child, you will never know what pleasure is until you possess that "peace that passeth all understanding." Will you not pray that God, for the sake of his dear Son, will grant you this blessing and forgive your sins? Do not think of living all youth and middle age in the service of Satan and this world, and then beg the Lord to accept the dregs of your life. "Seek the Lord while he may be found. Call upon him while he is near."

To the same scholar another letter was written, dated

BLOOMFIELD, *June* 3, 1859.

*My dear M.*:—I received intelligence this week of your dear father's illness, and yesterday saw the notice of his death in the paper. My poor child, I do sympathize with and pity you; for the loss of a father is an irreparable one. Human sympathy avails but little at such a time,—oh, how little! It can not bring back that dear one to you; it can not soothe your sorrow or make you happy. No earthly power can do these things. Unto whom shall you look, then, but to Jesus, your dear mother's stay? In your grief, direct your eyes to him; pour out your soul before the Lord, who alone can comfort you. In your father's death there is hope. He has gone to the mansions prepared for him by his Savior; he has entered upon the joy of his Lord; he is with the Jesus he loved, who died for him. Oh! what a glorious inheritance is his!

Dear child, do you ever expect to see that dear father again? Have you any good hope of eternal life? Is your father's God your God? Your dear mother has Jesus for her comforter; she has the blessed assurance of seeing the lost one, and joining her voice with his in praising the Lamb. But oh, my dear M., my dear, dear scholar, for whom I have prayed many times, have you this Jesus in the hour of your affliction? If not, make haste

to beg his help! Oh! go to your father's God, and beg him, for Jesus' sake, to comfort you.

Give to your mother my sympathizing love. She has promises adapted to her case. God promises support to the widow; Jesus says: "I will not leave you comfortless."

The following is a compressed outline of her religious history during her tarry of two years in Bloomfield, by the pastor of that church, Rev. H. F. Smith:

"I am at a loss how to select and condense the record of reminiscences remaining in this community of that presence so associated with sunbeams in our families, our social meetings, our Sabbath school, and sanctuary; that relieved the poor, quickened the slow pulse of age by kind attention, encouraged the doubting, instructed the ignorant, and lifted all upon whom it shone to higher enjoyment. I will allude to several particulars, which may answer as illustrations of her rounded Christian character.

Almost spontaneously I am led to mention first, that she was pre-eminently her *pastor's friend.* She seemed to have been taught, in a more eminent degree than most persons, the duty of the flock to the pastor; and she had such an appreciation of the trials and needful encouragement of a pastor, that her fertile mind devised and accomplished multiplied means of co-operation. Her first greeting upon my arrival in the presence of the torn, weak, partially discouraged flock; the easy, natural, yet studious, efforts to infuse the home-feeling; the hearty help afforded in every measure suggested, and her unfaltering influence in favor of doctrines not fully appreciated by all, contributed much, under the Spirit's guidings, to the compacting of the church and establishment in the truth.

"*She loved to sit at her Master's feet in company with others.* At lecture, in the pastor's Bible class, in conversational meetings suggested by herself, and in every-day intercourse, the thirst for divine knowledge was apparent, and she never failed to impart information in the exercise.

"*Her presence in the sanctuary*—how encouraging! The full upturned, speaking countenance; the eye, flashing joy at the gracious announcement of the word of life; the shade of sympathy at allusion to suffering; the firm, fixed attention to argument; the whole attitude

indicating that she came, not to criticise, but to drink at the gospel fountain,—all helped to strengthen the messenger of the word. While her mind clearly discriminated between the precious truth and the chaff sometimes mingled with attractive rhetoric, she nevertheless always succeeded in extracting profit from all. She habitually wrote a full analysis of the pastor's sermons, and on Monday she rehearsed it to such of the infirm and aged as were unable to attend the sanctuary. Then, on her way home, she would leave the manuscript at the pastor's house, and with it rays of sunshine that gladdened our home long after her departure. Prof. Bradbury alludes to this custom of hers in another part of this memorial. A number of these reports, now in my possession, are treasured as mementos of her attention, her mental power, and her devotedness to others.

"I need not dwell upon her thorough missionary spirit. Touching incidents are not wanting to illustrate the success of her efforts for the poor and the benighted. 'Blind Charlie,' saved through her persistent instrumentality, has already seen her with unvailed vision in the world of light, and others yet living arise and call her blessed."

In an article for the *Examiner*, Prof. Wm. B. Bradbury, who resided in Bloomfield, wrote of her :

OUR MINISTERING ANGEL.

"Many such, doubtless, there have been, but one I have known personally for a year past, as she has ministered under my own roof. I have an aged mother, whose solace and comfort in life is religion, and, as is generally the case with Christ's true followers, the nearer she approaches heaven the more precious to her are all the ordinances of the earthly sanctuary. Statedly as the Sabbath came round, she was to be found in her pew, and generally at least a quarter of an hour before the time for commencing service. She had long been a member of the Baptist Church, and no other place on earth seemed so much like home to her or so near to heaven. The preaching, to her ears, was always good ; and if any one found a fault, she always had an excuse ready at hand for him—and every sermon seemed to her the best. Gently and smoothly she seemed passing down life's current. Her last days were her best days; her children, and her children's children, were around her, happy in ministering to her comfort. Her cup of blessing was nearly full. But a change came—and how

sudden and great! An accident—a fall, a broken limb, a cripple for life! Helpless as a little child she must now lie month after month; and what shall she do for spiritual comfort? True, she has good books; she has her Bible, her Spurgeon, and her *Examiner*. But how can she live without the sermons of her own minister? Can she hear no more preaching? The preacher could not come and preach to her, and she could no longer go to the sanctuary. But an earthly angel was sent to her; a young, loving, Christian lady, who herself had seen affliction. This lady was blessed with a remarkable memory, and now regularly, constantly, week after week, and month after month, for a whole year, did she, like a loving ministering spirit, visit this aged and afflicted disciple, and repreach the whole sermon, from beginning to end, from the text to the conclusion, that had been delivered in the church—mother's church—by mother's own minister, the previous Sabbath. Thus was the old lady consoled and comforted until she was able to be taken again to the house of prayer. Now, was not that the work of an angel? And was not she a ministering spirit?

B."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

After a residence of nearly two years in Bloomfield, Mary E. Smalley became the wife of John W. Sarles, Pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Brooklyn, and returned to the place of her baptism and the city of her birth.

Previously she had been in that church but one year, and yet all knew her. Unbidden, her memory had been treasured by young and old ; scores, it afterward appeared, had hoped that she might become their pastor's wife ; some of the senior members had even debated the propriety of naming it to him ; and, it is not too much to say, that, in the church and congregation, the delight was universal when she returned. Nor was one of them disappointed in the estimate they had formed of her. Continuously she redeemed the largest expectations. It is strange, and out of the ordinary range of experience, but if subsequently anything she ever did or said was unfavorably criticised, it has never come to the pastor's knowledge.

From that time till she entered into her final rest,

a period of six and a half years, her heart, and head, and hands were full to repletion. In the culture of her mind, and the discipline of God's providence and grace, a development had been reached that was fully ripe for prompt, intelligent, intensely earnest, Christian life. She knew not again the meaning of leisure ; and light, life, and energy were noiselessly thrown into whatever she attempted. Of these manifold engagements the briefest hint will suffice.

Relatives and friends were made so welcome, and their hours of quietude were so beguiled by her, that they loved to visit her home and prolong the tarry. This occupied, indeed, much time ; but these were not lost opportunities, nor were such indulgences of friendship suffered to infringe upon her higher relations to Christ and his church. Her Christian privileges at home, and her covenant obligations with the church, were held sacred. The employments of the kitchen, working with her own hands, were as grateful as those of the parlor, serving the Lord in both. No number of friends, no hour of coming, and no want of notice or preparation ever disconcerted her or caused even momentary agitation. The saying got abroad that our house was made of India-rubber, because there was always room for another. The entertainment of missionaries was a special luxury ; and on either side of the globe, prayer ascended for her and hers from hearts where she had a place that can never be taken

from her. The marketing, and, as far as possible, the care of the family, were assumed by her, to leave her husband free for pastoral work.

With the church, in its manifold interests, she delighted to be thoroughly identified. Besides its many ordinary meetings, she was committed, in all the promptings of her renewed nature, to the Sunday school. Very soon a class of young ladies, including most of her former scholars, was again gathered about her. There was less occasion now for writing, and for the most part, her communications with them were unwritten, and lie treasured in the memory alone, against "that day." The early paling and wasting of one of the number, however, did call forth several letters. As this was the same one to whom were written the letters in the preceding chapter, letters that, without solicitation, providentially came to my notice, and as near this point a long bright sequel begins to open, some of them should be added.

Miss M. R. was now so ill as not often to leave the house. Together with some home-made wine and jelly, Mrs. Sarles sent the following note:

*My dear Marion:*—I have thought of you often, dear M., and have prayed for you earnestly. If we have no hope in the Lord Jesus Christ we are standing on slippery places. Our lives are held but by a thread at best. When we are in perfect health death may cut us down in an instant; and when sickness comes we are entirely dependent on God alone. It is better for us—for you, my dear, to weep now over your condition, and call on Jesus for mercy, than to live an eternity in the lost world, where there

is "weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." As you value your own soul, "seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near." "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full!" Has he not been kind to you all your life long? While you have forgotten him, has he ever forgotten you?" "Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon you; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon!" We can not approach God except through a mediator. Jesus has died that we might live. He is the way to God. Place yourself in his care. Let him take your heart, for you can not make it better; he alone can do that. Do not let Satan induce you to put it off. If you thought you would not go to heaven when you die, —if you sincerely thought so in your heart, you would be supremely miserable; life would be intolerable. But you do not think of this. You mean to seek the Lord, but you keep putting it off, way in the distance, years from now. Dear child, let not Satan so deceive you. You have no lease of life. God may call for you this week, or to-morrow, or this very night. Will you not pray to the Savior? Ask him to save you and cleanse you from all sin. What a merciful compassionate Savior he is! He will not cast you off if you come to him. He will receive you with open arms. If you are conscious of hardness of heart, of ignorance, of inability to understand the word of God, he himself will teach you,—oh! how willingly. Oh! that I might see you rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, hear you speak of the preciousness of Jesus, and tell your friends of his wondrous love!

Heaven is where Jesus and all the glorified saints are: ask yourself if you would enjoy that society. You can easily answer yourself by looking into your heart. Do you love the society of Christians as *Christians?* Do you love to hear them talk of Christ —talk to you of Christ? If not, then heaven would be no heaven to you. If not, you are not born again, and "except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God."

These longings were to be amply satisfied, these prayers fully answered. Unremitting in her attentions, she waited patiently for the Lord. At length the morning dawned and came the happy day when Marion knew that Jesus had washed her sins away. Upon receiving the information Mrs. Sarles immediately wrote :

SUNDAY NIGHT.

*My dear Marion:*—Mr. Sarles brought me home such joyful news to-night, that I must needs sit down and write to you. I feel assured God has heard prayer in your behalf, and become your portion forever. For his great mercy toward you, you have your life and eternity to praise him in. Will it not be blessed to fall at Jesus' feet, and praise and adore the wondrous love that has plucked you as a brand from the burning? Can you not realize how lovely is Jesus? How sweet his name sounds! God has opened your spiritual eyes, and you are in a new world. Oh! my dear Sunday-school scholar, pray for your dear companions in the class. Some of them are so wild and thoughtless. None, except M., has any hope in Jesus. As you have opportunity, pray for strength to speak a word for your Master. Keep close to your Savior. As a little child clings to its parent in danger, so cling to him. "He will never leave you nor forsake you." He is stronger than Satan, for he has vanquished him and "brought life and immortality to light." Don't look at your heart, dear M., for you will see there only sin; but look away to the Lamb of God, who died for you. Now may your faith grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and may your heart be filled with the "peace of God that passeth all understanding!"

Called away from the city, and detained by illness in the family, Mrs. Sarles wrote from New Rochelle :

*June* 22, 1866.

*My dear M.:*—With what different feelings did I view you when this sickness occurred, from what I would have done had you still been opposed to the blessed Savior. I knew I could not see you for a long time, perhaps never again on earth; but I felt assured that the Lord was your friend and helper, your strength and righteousness. I knew that you had no enemy to fear, for he is stronger than sin, death, or Satan, and that he would conquer all your foes, and lead you safe to heaven. It may be that your Lord will not gratify some of your desires; for instance, you are sighing for the green fields and the clover-scented air of the beautiful country. Perhaps it is his will for you not to go; but oh! he will give you the graces of submission and patience instead. He will lead you by the green pastures and still waters of his love, and direct your eye of faith upward to that beautiful country whose "sweet fields" are beyond the "flood" of death. Keep close, my dear girl, to your Savior, do not leave his side for an instant. Ask him for all things you need. He will hear you just as he did in the days of his flesh. Ask him to send his Holy Spirit into the hearts of the Sunday-school class. Speak to dear M. L., about her precious soul. Oh! that she would be wise and heed the voice speaking to her! If you have opportunity, speak to the others; but if none presents itself, pray for them.

A little while later, at the age of sixteen, Marion fell asleep in Jesus.

That attachment and death called forth for the widowed mother these inspiring verses:

SCARCELY SIXTEEN.

Scarcely sixteen!
And her dear form lies hid
Under the weight
Of the coffin lid.

Scarcely sixteen !
And her grave clothes to wear,
Crossed are the white hands,
Smoothed the dark hair ;
Cold is the forehead,
And wondrously fair.

Scarcely sixteen !
How youthful to die !
Hope in her bosom
Was up-gushing high ;
The bud gave promise
Of a beautiful flower,
But we saw it wither
And fade in an hour.

Scarcely sixteen !
Yet passed from the strife,
The turmoil, the endless
Commotion of life.

Scarcely sixteen !
Yet in bliss untold,
In the beautiful city
Whose streets are gold ;
Through whose pearly gates
Confusion and sin
And sorrow and pain
May ne'er enter in.

Scarcely sixteen !
Yet entered the joy
Of the glorified saints
In Jesus' employ ;

Singing the song
The redeemed only sing,
Casting her crown
At the feet of her King.
Washed in his blood,
And safe in his rest,
Scarcely sixteen,
And yet so blest!

Many a child
Long years must wait,
Ere the Father opens
The city gate;
Must wait till the form
Is bent and old,
Ere they walk with the angels
The streets of gold;
Must wait, till, oh!
So weary of sin,
Of sorrow and pain,
Ere they enter in.
But she hath gone home
In her youthful prime;
One moment was spent
On the borders of time,
And now she is ever
In that blest clime.
Would we have her come back
To this world of woe—
Come back from the home
Where the glorified go?
She, passed the dark river,
Safe on the bright shore,

Come back from the land
  Where they die never more?
We praise, oh! we praise thee,
  Our glorified Lord,
For the promise we find
  In thy comforting word!
That all who are clothed
  In thy mantle of love
Shall meet her one day
  In thy presence above.
And then, oh! how clearly,
  By each shall be seen,
Why thou, Lord, didst take her,
  When scarcely sixteen!

It was afterward made to appear her duty to take charge of the Infant Department; and finding great delight in it, she there spent the last four years of her life. With Bible stories ever fresh and multiplying, and in a style of charming simplicity, she held those little ones spell-bound. With fixed, sparkling eyes, and with open mouths, they sat; and when at home, if kept away by storm or for punishment, they cried. With the same unreserve she devoted herself to the weekly female prayer meeting, the sewing society in its season, visitation of the sick, care for the poor and suffering of our number, and for poor children, orphans, and those worse off than orphans. An instance of this latter kind of toil, with its reward, may be here given:

While in Bloomfield on a tour of visitation among

those who did not attend the house of God, she came across a German family, between whom and herself such mutual interest sprang up, that it continued till her last labor of love on earth was finished. There was a boy in the family, some fifteen years old, who was mostly blind, and otherwise deformed physically and intellectually. That boy turned to her as for life, and clung to her with a deathless attachment. Not long after her return to Brooklyn this family also came, and "Blind Charlie," as we called him, soon found where her home was. He was so warmly welcomed, that from that time his visits with her were frequent. Had he been beautiful to look upon, or been gifted with a brilliant intellect, or been allied to some far-famed family, he could not well have been received with more consideration and tenderness. The sequel explains it. Not many months had passed when that uncomely visitor became a bright trophy of redeeming grace. His surprising knowledge of divine things, with such a clumsy mind ; the marvelous symmetry and beauty of the new man ; the freshness and originality of his thoughts of Christ ; the cordial surrender of his little all ; his deep solicitude for the unconverted of his family,—all this served to bring out a hidden depth of meaning in that passage : "Jesus answered and said : I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed

them unto babes." In February, 1861, Charlie made a good confession before many witnesses; was baptized and joyfully received into the fellowship of the church. After a bright career of two or three years, and after a scene of long, sweetly submissive suffering, he was carried from his poverty to Abraham's bosom.

This jewel was for her crown. It was she who was used in digging him from that deep and dismal quarry. The memory of her delight in pouring light upon his dark mind is yet fresh. How noble and how great she was in this humble service the angels saw; and now that gem sparkles in her crown, and will forever glow there.

A weekly prayer meeting for young ladies, most salutary in its influence, was originated and guided by her. In a note to one, she writes of this meeting:

"I was glad you were at prayer meeting yesterday. Try to come as often as convenient. I know you have many duties through the week, but this is only half an hour each Saturday, and it is to meet our dear Lord, who died that we might live. I know you will feel strengthened for Sabbath school, and all religious duties by identifying yourself with this meeting. If you can not come often, come when you can. Have it once and a while at your home, and God may pour you out a great blessing. Try to bring M. and M. R., and any whom you may influence. I feel that this little meeting is stripped of every inducement but simply 'meeting Jesus.' Oh, that the Lord may bless the dear young girls, and lead them in a 'plain path!'

"Lovingly, ———."

She lent her warm support to a week evening Bible class that was also for the young. On the occasion of its first anniversary she sought to popularize with the young such pursuits, by an unexpected entertainment for the throngs that crowded our home; and also contributed these lines:

"OUR BIBLE CLASS."

Months, years—aye, scores of years—must pass,
Ere we forget this Bible class.
Come hours of ease, or hours of pain,
We'll live these pleasures o'er again.
And when for each shall opened be
The portals of eternity,
Think you will pass with earth away,
Their precious, holy memory?
No! Some whom angels fly to meet,
Some who the pearly gates shall pass,
Some who shall fall at Jesus' feet,
Shall praise him for *this* Bible class.
"'Twas there," in melting strains they'll sing,
"I found thee precious, oh, my King!
'Twas there thy Holy Spirit sought;
There showed me *self*, and freely taught
Thy grace, thy love, thy righteousness.
Oh! Christ anointed, thee I bless,
That thou didst place me there to find
Thy wondrous touch on eyes once blind!"

But some, with shuddering, may see
Each wasted opportunity
Pass by in panoramic scene,
And shrieking, cry: "It might have been!"

To these stern charges then be mute:
"Why didst thou trample under foot
The precious gold, the sparkling gem;—
Fling from thy brow the diadem,
Scorning the robe of righteousness;—
Refuse the riches of my grace,
Heedless of warnings often given,
Choose endless woe, despising heaven?
Thou knowest, within thy inmost heart,
My fearful sentence just—Depart!"

Forbid it, Lord, that some who meet,
And *seem* to sit at Jesus' feet,
Should banished from his presence be,
Throughout the long eternity!

The bread upon the waters cast,
We feel is to be found at last;
The seed with prayer and faith we sow
Shall yet in living beauty grow.
The reapers Jesus sends, shall come
Laden with sheaves for harvest home;
His word *shall* prosper, where he sends;
When God's wind blows, the forest bends;
When God's sun warms the frozen streams,
They leap with joy beneath its beams;
God's rain falls on the barren ground,
And buds and beauteous flowers are found.
Then shall his *word* less prosperous be?
No! Life and immortality
It brings to light; and God will make
Its harvest sure for Jesus' sake.

That all who meet from week to week,
And of this glorious gospel speak,
May find *the Way, the Truth, the Life,*
Sincerely prays
YOUR PASTOR'S WIFE.

So completely at command had she the affections of the young people, that even reproof from her was accepted with thankfulness. There was a time when she had seen a young member bending under the temptation to frivolity in the house of God, and she quietly addressed a note to him. The reply now before me illustrates what I have just said, and is so worthy of a Christian young man that I give it place, as a model to be studied :

BROOKLYN, *July* 25, 1864.

*My dear Sister :*—I write this in answer to the kind letter you sent me. I thank our dear Lord for letting me have a friend that tries to do me so much good,—tries to keep my feet from slipping when I go into the house of God.

My conscience troubled me yesterday when I was engaged as you saw me, but the letter you wrote seems to go home to the right spot. I feel that I have done decidedly wrong; and I will try, with the help of God, to live nearer to him hereafter. I often do go astray from him; but his love is so great that he always brings me back again. I would not give up my hope in God if I do act so indifferently sometimes. I am so glad you sent me that letter. I can not tell you how it makes me feel that any one of the church should have to speak to me on such a subject. * * * The Lord is precious to my soul. I love him but I want to love him more. Pray for me, that I may be kept in the right way, and may grow in the knowledge of the truth.

For the profitable entertainment of young friends who occasionally gathered at our house, she started a paper called the *Home Journal.*

The success of this experiment at home originated the purpose to form a society, that should be composed of the members of the church and congregation, particularly the young, having as its great central object the reflection of light on the word of God.

When all was matured, it was formed thus: a President, Vice-President, and Secretary, the latter a lady; a paper in the hands of two editors, ladies, to be made up editorially and by original contributions from the members, and read every two months; six five-minute selections from travels or researches, or anything that will throw light on the Bible, to be read semi-monthly by three ladies and three gentlemen; singing from the Devotional Hymn Book interspersed; and at all of the meetings, a portion of time devoted to brief discussions of Bible questions previously announced; and closing with a sociable interchange of thought and feeling for promoting friendship and acquaintance. It is called: The Sacred Literary Society of the Central Baptist Church. She designed it to meet a need of the young, to secure gatherings that should be under elevating influences, and associate them with personal efforts in the most ennobling pursuits.

The young members of the church and congregation were lying heavily on her heart. She dreaded the blighting influence upon them of the popular entertainments of the times, and longed to show them

convincingly the only excellent way. This Society was the fruit of much prayer, and of her tenderest thoughts for the young of all classes. It has served to acquaint the members with sources of information about the Bible of which they might long have remained ignorant; it has enlisted some of the best gifts in the elucidation of Scripture; has provoked searching investigation; subjected popular errors to consuming tests; displaced long-cherished and pernicious impressions; drawn about it some of the sweetest influences felt in the church,—weight of years, with gentleness and elevation of character; and has developed gifts of so high an order, as sometimes to startle while they have delighted us. Sleepless vigilance will indeed be needed to hold it firmly to its high purpose; but thus far it has exerted a thoroughly salutary influence, and gives promise of vastly more than at first we had dared to hope for. The blessed Lord has smiled upon it.

Additional to our own denominational enterprises, the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands, from its origin, had her warm sympathy and steady co-operation.

With adoring gratitude, she saw that women were signally favored under the gospel; felt that they, more than others, were laid under obligations to Christ and to their sex,—that yet neither the debt of gratitude nor the claim was appreciated. She was glad of this effort by women to call out the multi-

plied activities of women, believing also that efforts for heathen women were not sufficiently direct, and that there was work in that department which women could better perform and would better superintend than others.

Of Mrs. Doremus, the President of the Society, and the many gifted and noble who are associated with her, and the spirit that characterizes all their transactions, she never spoke but with feelings of devout gratitude for the grace God had bestowed upon them. She accounted them worthy successors of those women who in the days of his humiliation "ministered to him of their substance."

Very early among the efforts to enlist little children over the land in mission bands auxiliary to this Society, Mrs. Sarles formed one among the small children of our church and congregation, and called it "The Morning Star Band." They always held their meetings at her house; and in her absence, they still love to gather where they first rallied.

She also wrote much, wielding one of the readiest of pens. Epistolary writing was done with the ease of conversation, and to many it appeared, like her conversation, faultless. Nor was any species of writing that she attempted a labor. Verse, in sweet and lofty strains, was thrown upon paper with a spontaneity that was marvelous. There was the power and the disposition to elaborate, but not the time, nor, in her judgment, the high order of poetic

gift, to justify it. She thought that very few of her pieces, though in poetic form, should be dignified with that name. In her later writings there was even less of elaboration than formerly, this multiplicity of engagement rendering it impossible ; and, besides, stern, practical life made it appear less desirable.

To all kinds of labor for sailors and soldiers during these late years of war she applied herself, visiting them when practicable, and sending away to them, in hospital and camp and on shipboard, needed comforts and many letters.

To do all this required, in certain respects, continual self-denial and almost crucifixion. Love for painting was in her a passion. She held it under constant restraint. When occasionally she indulged in it, the day seemed but an hour. It was only because she might be more usefully employed that this needed relaxation was rarely allowed. The walls of my house are adorned almost exclusively with paintings and drawings and sketchings by her own hand. Practice would have given her great eminence in that art.

Some three years since, at a reunion of the Associated Alumni of the Packer Collegiate Institute, when each, by request, was to furnish a sketch of her intervening history, the one by her hand read thus :

"A few years after leaving my beloved teachers and school-

mates, a terrible affliction was sent upon me, which changed my whole course in life.

"Some time before that period I had become a member of a church. I supposed myself a Christian, and no doubt, if my death had occurred, my friends would have eulogized me as very exemplary.

"In God's great mercy this trial came, and I sought to find consolation in my religion. Alas! it was a broken reed. I had really no God; I was without hope in the world. My soul was utterly desolate. These were the means employed to make me see my evil heart and to lead me to call upon God for mercy.

"Before this time my ambition had been—a name in this world. Since that period I can truly say, my worthless name I am willing to have lost in the glorious name of Jesus; my highest ambition is, in some way to glorify him; my greatest joy comes from a sense of his approval, and I consider myself among the most honored of women in being permitted to work in his vineyard.

"In the year 1859 I was married to J. W. Sarles, of Brooklyn, for many years pastor of the Central Baptist Church, in this place.

"The life of a pastor's wife I have found a happy one; for not only are the people kind and considerate, but I do sincerely believe they reciprocate the warm affection I feel for them.

"The trials of a pastor's wife I know little about. The work of a pastor's wife I begin to be familiar with. I do not mean that she has more duties to perform than any other Christian woman. This would be a different world did every woman 'naming the name of Christ' earnestly desire to do his will; but the pastor's wife has a work peculiar to her own sphere. Her word is often the little pebble thrown into the waters, sending the circles far away toward the distant shore. Her good words and example are often the few notes without which the harmony is incomplete. There are paths for her alone to tread; seeds for

her alone to sow; flowers for her to cull, and sheaves which she alone can gather.

"He who puts this honor upon her is the King of kings and Lord of lords. Why, then, need she seek the honor that comes from the world?

"I have had two children. One, the angels carried to heaven three years ago, and I feel that his education is in the hands of my best Friend. My remaining child is a little girl, of four years and a half, a merry romp; of course, amazingly precocious, as all only children are. What she will make remains to be seen when her school-days commence at the Packer Collegiate Institute.

"In conclusion, I would say that I remember with deep affection my former instructors, particularly the one whose example has been to me as remembered strains of sweetest music. I refer to our dear friend, Miss Smith. I would say, also, that many of my schoolmates live in my memory, and that my home would seem all the pleasanter from the visits of my instructors and themselves."

## CHAPTER IX.

### MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

THE selections for the present chapter have been so made as to fairly represent the author's varied habits of thought,—ranging freely and rapidly from playful childhood to maturest age, from chastened mirth to the solemnities of death, and from melting tenderness to the sternness of judgment; as, also, further to show her evenly developed powers, symmetry of character, and versatility of talent.

### PRAYER.

A MORNING prayer, a morning prayer,
Riseth like incense on the air;
Or like the perfumed breath of flowers
Ascendeth from this earth of ours.
The aged sire's trembling tones,
Or widowed mother's lonely moan,
Or maiden in her purity,
With hands tight-clasped on bended knee,
These all are beautiful; but infancy,
When hushed is all its lightsome glee,
And clasped the little hands in prayer,
Speaketh more plain that God is there!

DESCRIPTION OF SCENES ON SHIPBOARD AND AT SEA.

A LITTLE bit of Jersey shore is visible, the rest is all—all sky and ocean meeting. The sun is setting behind a narrow strip of land,—a great red ball, tinging with the same color the sky and the ocean. Every wave blushes with its radiance, and the sky seems but a reflection of the waves. * * * Oh, dear me! this incessant clatter of dishes,—this intolerable smell of cooked victuals,—this continual crying of babies,—this lolling on sofas; but the sense of suffocation on the vessel is worst of all. I want to push away the berths, knock away the deck, and am not content until I have a seat on the upper deck roofed only by the sky.

One poor man is certainly in affliction; for he has a sick wife, a sick baby, two sick little boys, one sick girl, and one sick big boy. They lie around like poor sheep ready to be taken to the butcher. Such disconsolate faces, such groans and sighs, are laughably pitiful. People go dancing about the deck, tumbling over benches, knocking against other people, unable to steady themselves. Poor sick wives lean heavily on the shoulders of husbands, and poor sick husbands lean their heads wearily on their wives' shoulders. Some, more independent than the rest, sit and lie down on the deck till the boards become too hard for them, and they seek some other place.

The three great events of a day at sea are sunrise, sunset, and a sail. To-day a vessel passed way off in the distance, and I felt as if I were out West seeing one solitary man.

This morning, as soon as I waked, I got up. It must have been very early; for the light was quite dim, but it was just springing up,—it was sown, and by and by we shall see its glorious efflorescence,—the sun. I went on deck, but finding it wet there, came back again, and, seating myself on my carpet-bag, watched at my state-room window. The east was of a dim reddish hue; but one spot was a trifle brighter than the other parts. This one point seemed to contract and intensify in color until it was the hue of

scarlet; then one spot of gold, and then suddenly one half of the sun skimming along the water like a golden boat filled with angels, making wavy lines of effulgence way across the ocean seemingly. In one minute the whole sun came up and rolled along the level table of the ocean like a ball of fire. I watched it long, wishing you were all here, till it sprang from the waters, as if disdaining them, and commenced its journey through the heavens.

---

### MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

O Lord, our bread upon the waves we throw,
This trifling seed with prayer and faith we sow;
Knowing that after many days are past,
We find again what on the waves we cast.
Seeing that thou a harvest, Lord, canst make
Of seeds we plant for blessed Jesus' sake,
Oh! let this offering, humble though it be,
The gospel send, that some may learn of thee,
That idols from their hearts and homes be thrown;
And thou, O Savior, reign as God alone.

The *Home Journal*, referred to on page 116, in its Introductory, playfully affects as much as most other journals.

### EDITORIAL.

The *Home Journal and Family Visitant* will be published semi-monthly, from our rooms, No. 216 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn. Its columns will be devoted to religious and sensible secular literature, to science and art. A little corner will be reserved for *bon mot* and wise sayings, giving it a spice that all will relish.

With our able corps of contributors, we hope that soon the *Home Journal and Family Visitant* will be *the paper* of the day, and that "Eureka!" being our motto, we shall succeed.

Among the male contributors are, the Rev. Josephus Maxfield, D. D., LL. D., the Rev. ——, and Lawyer C. S. Willet. Some of the lady contributors are, Lady Jane ——, Esther Jane Barrett, Queen of Tyre, and Mrs. ——.

Yielding to her natural humorous instincts, Mrs. Sarles, in a burlesque on the derivation of names, gives a sample of the spice promised.

NAMES.

Perhaps some of our readers may feel interested in the origin of the names of our contributors. First, then, we proceed to the name Maxfield.

This name may be either of German or Irish origin, probably the first. The name Max is German decidedly, and feld is also a German word, meaning plain, field, etc. Probably some ancestor of this distinguished gentleman was a baron by the name of Max, possessing an immense estate, wooded lawns, fine farms, etc., and in order to distinguish him from the poorer men by the name of Max, he was called Max von Feld, afterward anglicized to Maxfield.

If the name is of Irish origin, then, we think, our learned contributor exceeds his ancestors in wealth and station.

In all probability, the name of Mike, owner of some fruitful field, is the clue to the mystery. Mike's field being noted for the best potatoes and cabbages, the name of Mike's Field adhered to him and his descendants for years. Now the name is Americanized into Maxfield. However, we think the first theory the better and more correct one.

We proceed. Lawyer Willet probably descended from some

stern and rigid men of the Oliver Cromwell stamp, one whose word was law, and whose words, "I will it," and "I will it not," became proverbial, so that it stampéd them and generations following with the name Willet. Lawyer Willet possesses much of the same spirit, and his firm "yes" and "no," accompanied by a shake of the head, may be heard any time a question is asked.

Esther Jane Barrett, Queen of Tyre, owes her name to a celebrated Indian Chief, by whom some of her ancestors were taken prisoners. The name of the Indian was Red Bar, or Red Bear, afterward civilized to Barred or Barrett.

In the same number are also lines of weighty import, like the following :

FALSE BENEVOLENCE.

THERE is often a deference to the views and feelings of others most amiable. Some men, however, are so sensitive to the rights of others in this respect, that they will yield, not only all that is due, but virtually their own convictions. This is not only not required, but they have no right to do it.

We love to see the deference that is compatible with integrity, to the fullest extent. Beyond that, it is a weakness that is not proof against the temptation to betray what has been intrusted to them.

Suppose a man were equally sensitive to the Lord's views and judgment, knowing that he must be right, what could tempt that man to yield what he believes to be truth ?

Here is true dignity, when one is so sensitive to the Lord's revealed will as to part with all the world rather than give up one jot or tittle.

The second number of the *Journal*, for January, 1864, opens with a running review, both serious and playful and stern :

## EDITORIAL.

THE old year has passed away with blood-stained robes. The book of its account, crossed and recrossed with its dark records, has been sealed up until the solemn and impending judgment. Oh! my soul, how stands thy record there?

The new year was ushered in all in a shiver; and if indications are right, our teeth will "chatter, chatter still." His birthday was duly celebrated with good cheer and the compliments of the season. Ladies, dressed in their prettiest, waited and smiled on exquisite beaux and sensible men.

Our subscribers and contributors had due notice of our pleasure to receive calls at our office, and, of course, everybody came.

Our partner in life (who, by the way, is an excelle nt man) somewhat jostled our feelings on the subject of temperance, by inviting every visitor to walk in the back room and "take something." We interposed invariably the words: "Coffee or lemonade? Nothing stronger."

---

I, John †, has gone to his last account. We open to the 14th of Isaiah: "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee: Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?"

Pompous and with great display was this man carried to his narrow bed; while many a poor saint falling asleep in Jesus was carted, poorly coffined, to a pauper's grave.

One record is, "John died and was buried;" the other "was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."

We may seem severe, but we know that he that hateth God's word must hate God, no matter what the profession of sanctity.

The two pieces that follow are selected from the same number :

TO JULIA.

My darling sister Julia
  Has gentle, dove-like eyes,
And a smile upon her features
  Like sunshine ever lies.
Yet the smile is but the flowing o'er
  Of the love within her heart ;
And it shines and sparkles in her eyes,
  A witching, guileless art.
May sorrow never cloud her smile,
  Nor dim those eyes with tears,
Nor disappointment breathe a curse
  Upon her after years.
Yet should the falling shadows
  Blend darkly into night,
God send the stars of hope and love
  To guide her steps aright.

---

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

It is felt to be a great point when a family can command the services of a splendid physician, whose fame is world wide. Better still if he is the nearest neighbor, so as to be within call.

Another great point is when he has long known our family—the family ailments—the constitution of the children. This gives him great advantage over another of equal skill.

Much more than all this is Christ in curing sin. He is the physician of souls. He came to the world to save sinners. He knows the history and nature of the disease. There is not a feature of it, there is no form of it, no stage of it from its incip-

iency to its consummation that he does not perfectly understand. Its seat and source, fountain and streams, its deepest and most secret impulses, of all these he has a knowledge so complete that we can not conceive of its fullness.

He knows as well what to do for it—how it can be reached—when to do, and how to do, and he has prepared himself to take it in hand, as a physician takes a disease for treatment.

He stands alone to meet sin. Another to meet sin is not, and never will be. All created intelligences look upon sin in utter helplessness. He is one immediately from off the throne.

His services are at command. He is nearer than your nearest neighbor. He is nearer than your own thoughts. By day and night, every instant, he is within call, and one never dies in his hands. He never administered an injurious remedy, he was never baffled for an instant. He makes no charge. All he does—and he never refused a call—he does without money and without price.

The call of the sick upon the physician is like the sinner's call upon Christ. Look at the case of the sick man, who is debating the question of calling in a physician.

How perfectly absurd to think that he must see to it that before he calls there shall be some favorable symptoms, and he must watch closely for that point, never thinking of sending while the symptoms are getting worse. The moment, however, there is a favorable turn hastens off with all speed for the physician.

You know how directly opposite to the common-sense view this is. The worse the patient, the greater need of medical advice. If anything favorable appears, we hesitate, hoping we can do without a physician; but a return of the disease decides he must be called at once.

But a sinner, in making application to Christ to be healed of sin, thinks he must wait till some favorable symptoms appear—till his purposes are all right and formed, he must not entertain the thought (he supposes) that Christ will answer a call. If sin rages—if there is hardness, impenitence, unbelief—nothing but

apathy or love of sin—if all is sin, don't think (he says) of calling upon Christ until sin subsides.

If Christ came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance — if he came to meet and conquer sin, if he is the only physician, how absurd this view. There is no promise that he takes the case in hand unasked, while there are numerous promises that not a solitary call will be unanswered.

A letter written on a visit in Brooklyn while the family resided in Bloomfield :

BROOKLYN, *August* 2, 1858.

*My dear little pet of a Sister* :—Very likely you and Annie have been to the post-office every day, expecting a good long letter from me. Here it is. I am not partial to excuses, but I must preface this letter with one. The pen is not my own, and the ink is none of the best. So if my writing is not a *fac-simile* of Goldsmith's best attempts, you will excuse me. By the way of explanation of the above allusion, I would say, Goldsmith is a writing master in New York, not the poet of long ago. By the date of this letter you see I am in Brooklyn. Here I am, sitting in Aunt Jane's rocking-chair by the back window, a penny magazine lies on my lap, and on it the paper, and the ink bottle on the dressing table. So much for preliminaries.

Last Friday, about half-past one, the cars took me down to Newark, and from Newark to Jersey City. It commenced to rain then, and by the time I landed at Brooklyn it poured in torrents. Thinking it would stop before we got to Jay Street, I took the car. Alas! it came harder, and at the corner I ran into a grocery store ; there, about fifteen minutes were spent, when, getting tired of this, I put up my sun-umbrella, and ran as fast as possible to Aunt Jane's. By the time her stoop was reached, I was a sight to behold : my " bran new " mantilla was festooned with rain-drops, and a heavy fringe of dripping water ; petticoats

and stockings were mud, mud! and the umbrella was streaming all down my hat. By dint of pulling and ironing, all these things were restored, and I ran up stairs to see the people. Aunt Sarah, Mary, and Aunt Jane, were sitting in the back room, and at my unexpected appearance, concluded I must have rained down. They were very glad to see me, and of course wanted to hear the news. Then, in return, they told me of their whereabouts. * * *

Friday night we went to covenant meeting, and enjoyed it exceedingly. Very many spoke and prayed. It was a spiritual feast to me. On Sunday morning I went to Sunday school, and taught the girls. They made me smile with their expressions of endearment. The sermon in the morning was from the words: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He showed clearly who was the one invited,—who was "heavy laden." It comforted me, and it may prove a blessing to you; so here is the outline: The heart bowed down with penitence is the feeling heart; the burden has been removed, and there is room for tears of gratitude and joy only. The heavy-laden soul is the one conscious of a burden of sin; but finding no penitence, no light within, all is darkness and the shadow of death. If contrition were present, there might be hope. The law condemns him, and the gospel is beyond his reach. He thinks he must have penitence to bring to Jesus. To such an one, Jesus says: "Come unto me." Repentance is with Him as well as faith. The Christian is addressed, also, by these gentle words. In Jesus he finds all he needs. * * * In the afternoon the sermon was from the text: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" In the evening was the concert of prayer for missions. The whole day was delightful, and I enjoyed a rich treat. This morning I went to prayer meeting. * * *

Now may God bless you both, and keep you in safety. Seek out, my dear sister, all the opportunities for doing good. Pray for J., that he may be brought to know that his Redeemer liveth.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE WORD OF GOD.

"And I sent messengers unto them, saying: I am doing a great work, so that I can not come down; why should the work cease whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" (Nehemiah vi., 3.)

Nehemiah was engaged in building up the walls of Jerusalem. Christians are instrumental in building Christ's kingdom.

Sanballat and his evil associates sent messengers to Nehemiah, that he should leave the work and come down. He refused, answering them: "I can not come down," etc.

Christians are constantly annoyed by the world urging them to meet with them. If they hearken, the work of the Lord ceases in their particular quarter, the light is hid under a bushel: "Ye can not serve God and mammon." Answer should be made to such temptations in the words of Nehemiah. Christians have no time to mingle in worldly pleasures, they have the work of the Lord to do, with one hand holding the weapons of warfare, and the other engaged in building. They, indeed, have a great work to perform; it is the Lord's work, it is the work of winning souls to Christ. If they leave this noble calling, and descend to the plains of pleasure, their work ceases most decidedly; God is dishonored, Satan triumphs in the temptation.

The two pieces that follow were contributed for a school entertainment:

## SNOW.

How beautiful the snow!
With mantle pure and white,
It hides the barrenness of earth from sight.
Clothes, ermine like, the monarchs of the wood,
Who, stretching out their naked arms, have stood
Imploring pity of the chilling blast.

Snow-laden is the hemlock foliage,
And, as with human sense,
Points downward to the earth with eloquence,
And from the snowy shroud men lessons read,
Of life, of age, of death. Would they would heed
The teachings that Jehovah giveth thus!

---

## HOME.

Two little maidens went one day
Into the shady grove to play;
And while with moss and acorn cup,
They built a fairy palace up,
And, laughing, crowned their curling hair
With chestnut leaves and flowers fair,
An old man chanced to pass that way,
And sat him down to see their play.

They did not fear the aged man,
But bade him watch their palace fair;
Told him of many a childish plan,
And showed the garlands on their hair.
He kissed each merry, laughing face,
And at their pleasant prattle smiled;
He said: "Sweet girls, where do ye dwell,
Where are your homes, I pray you tell?"

One said: "I dwell below the hill,
Near by the waterfall and mill;
Around the stoop the creeper grows,
Near by our house the river flows;
There on its banks I often sit,
And watch the sailing vessels flit
Like birds across the water blue;—
See through those trees, it is in view."

"My home is in the city, Sir,"
The other said, with gentle air;
"Our windows look, like great eyes, down
Upon the grim and dusty street:
I do not like the noisy town,
The roll of wheels, the tramp of feet;
I like the free, fresh country air,
The trees, the fields, the flowers fair.
But let us know, kind Sir, I pray,
About your home, is't far away?"

The old man bent his silvered head,
Then raised his face, and smiling said:
"I have a home of wealth untold,
The streets are paved with shining gold,
The city gates are brilliant pearls,
Did you e'er hear of it, sweet girls?
There is no night in that fair land,
Life, joy, and peace walk hand in hand.
No death, no sorrow, enter there,
No cries are heard of pain or care.
My home is heaven. Yet not the gold,
The splendors tongue has never told,
Would I desire in heaven to share,
If Christ my Savior were not there."

---

TO ——.

Your eyes are telling me you love;
Does not your heart rebel?
For eyes and hearts are separate things,
Alas! I know too well.
You speak * * * *

Mine, is a heart—a callous heart;
For disappointment's breath
Has breathed upon its mysteries,
And calmed it into death.
Long years of love must pass before
That heart can live again,
Before affection's lute can play
That old endearing strain;
Long years of faith and love, before
My heart could e'er be thine;
For memory comes of days gone by,
My once loved valentine.

The following lines were prepared, by request, for a Sunday-school exhibition:

TOBACCO.

There is a weed of wondrous fame,
Tobacco is its curious name;
By reptile, bird, and beast abhorred,—
Food for a worm, like Jonah's gourd,
And yet by man almost adored,
Tobacco! Oh! tobacco!

See yonder noble creature stand,
With dainties spread on every hand;
Yet to his shame be it confessed,
He hugs tobacco to his breast,
For it would part with all the rest—
The vile, vile weed, tobacco!

He says: "It gave this listless stare,
I once was rosy, once was fair;
It gave my face this sallow hue,
'Tis all because I chew and chew
The weed I love; but which friend you
Insist is vile tobacco!"

Another tells, his lungs are weak!
The flush speaks volumes on his cheek,—
He smokes! But he will quickly say:
"'Tis all my comfort night and day!"
Poor man, to puff his life away
With this vile weed,—tobacco!

Then an old lady has catarrh,
And often, too, our dear grandpa
Has headache, and must surely take
The snuff so vile, we think, to make
Themselves disgusting, for the sake
Of this same weed,—tobacco!

What robs the Christian smoker's pence?
What dulls the Christian chewer's sense?
And why so often shakes the head—
So oft the gen'rous thought quite dead
When a benevolent cause is plead?

What robs the poor-box of its due?
Why sometimes fails the rent of pew?
Why cry our missions from abroad:
"We faint, we fail, for want of food?"
It is because the dues of God
Are spent on vile tobacco!

Oh! Christian men, we pray you heed,
When souls your time and money need.
Were half the means thus idly spent
To God our great Creator lent,—
They'd bring us in a mighty store,
Pressed down—the measure running o'er;
And oh, the satisfaction known,
Of giving Jesus but his own!
Exalting him, to thus dethrone
The tyrant vile,—Tobacco!

---

MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

Burmah stands with arms outstretching
Toward our favored land, O God!
From the desert to the jungle,
Where thy messengers have trod,
Comes the anxious, pleading cry:
"Give us Jesus, or we die!"

Thou hast sent thy laborers, Jesus,
For the harvest fields are white;
Through the gloom of heathen darkness
Gleams the day-star's glorious light.
Take this offering in thy hand,
Bless it, Savior, to that land.

Near the close of 1860, when our first child was about two months old, she wrote:

While looking at our little sleeping daughter, I think about the beautiful lines, the last Mrs. Judson wrote when her little one was born. These lines keep running in my mind:

"Hear, O my God, one earnest prayer,
Room for my bird in Paradise;
And give her angel plumage there."

I do sincerely pray for my little daughter, that the Lord would early convert her and make her his dear child. This is the only desire I have respecting her, for all the rest I leave entirely at his disposal. If God should grant her to me a long time, I pray that her years from early childhood may all be devoted to him.

Dear little gift to us, I can not feel too thankful for her perfect form and senses, and apparently sound reason. May her soul be also perfect in the Lord Jesus Christ!

In July, 1863, she lost a little boy of five months, after sixteen hours' illness. In its suddenness, it fell upon her with almost crushing effect. Not long after she wrote the following:

Our darling baby-boy is dead; the gentle blue eyes are closed forever to this world; his little lips are pressed together by the hand of the destroyer; his hands, those darling little fingers that clasped the parents' strong finger, are cold and motionless beneath the coffin lid; a body too lovely it was to bury; a body too fair for the worm to prey upon; but so it must be.

How then, oh, mother's heart, how then can you be comforted? What relief can you draw from the tomb and the image of death?

The Lord from heaven, my blessed Savior, suffered death that our little one should live again. He broke the bars of death. He triumphed as he rose, and he went to prepare a place for his saints. Jesus loved our little son better than we; therefore, having prepared his heavenly mansion, he has taken him to dwell in it.

I, his mother, fondly nursed and tended him. Jesus now carries my lamb in his bosom and administers to his little spirit more joy

than any earthly being could imagine. Then his bringing up and education are taken out of our hands entirely. The Lord is his teacher; his associates, the "saints of all ages;" his servants, the angels. What a blessed companionship is this! What melodious sounds he hears! He was fond of some melodies I sang to him, but oh, how he delights to hear and join in that song: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" He loved to gaze fondly in my face, his mother's; but oh, with how much more delight his spirit drinks in the sweet looks of Jesus and listens to the melting accents of his love!

We know that when we shall see him again, his expanded soul, his lofty intellect, will astonish us his parents; for, as I said before, the Lord himself is his teacher.

Then Jesus will come and all the saints with him; our little son being one of the saints, shall come with Jesus wearing his resurrection body and glowing in immortal beauty.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

Probably no months in the life of Mrs. Sarles were more calmly cheerful, or more fruitful in generous plans, than the last three. She was deeply engrossed with the spiritual interests of the church and congregation. Many letters were written; self-sacrificing purposes were formed and executed for the relief of the suffering, and much was accomplished in making provision for coming months in her own family.

A sufficient number of articles, written during that period, has been obtained to tell of the triumph of grace over temporary bodily infirmity, and to make manifest the strong tide of sanctified affection that was setting in heavenward.

Written for the paper of the Sacred Literary Society, to be read at its meeting in March, 1866:

#### THE BIBLE.

Of no book are the masses so ignorant as the Bible. The accomplished young woman, conversant in all modern literature, often shows a pitiful lack of that word which is called a "lamp to our feet and a light to our path." The elegant and traveled man frequently feels its study beneath him; while the Koran, the

works of Confucius, and other works of ancient lore, are eagerly perused. Thus are the living waters left for the broken cisterns.

Now, to many of us, a willful neglect of the letter of God's word seems very pitiable. The poor old slave is not despised on account of his ignorance of the spelling-book; but we hold an accomplished person highly culpable for the same. To such a one no credit is due, if in all the elementary studies he is correct, but great discredit if he err therein. So the heathen, who have not heard of the "book of books," are not responsible for their ignorance of it; but the nations who already possess it, and have every opportunity for informing themselves concerning it, and yet neglect its teachings, are verily guilty. Among other marks of ignorance of the teachings of the Bible is misquotation. Persons, who would shrink from this fault in regard to the poets, are very often careless when the Bible is mentioned. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," "That bourne from which no traveler returns," and similar expressions, are frequently attributed to the word of God. It was a custom at a minister's table for each person to repeat a verse of Scripture. One day an elegantly accomplished lady was guest. It came her turn, and instead of honestly confessing her ignorance, with blushing face and stammering tongue, she said, the only verse she could think of was, "A stitch in time saves nine." Some gentlemen were riding in a stage, and the subject of daily expenses being discussed, said one, with a wise look: "Well, in the midst of life we are in debt," adding, "I suppose that is a perversion of St. Paul." If he had studied his Bible he would have found no such expression in St. Paul's writings, for the words are in the Book of Common Prayer.

One would suppose that in this favored land the matter of morality, as no plea with God, would be better understood, the word seems so explicit on this point. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight;" "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt," and

similar passages, teach it so plainly, that wayfaring men, though fools, need not err therein. The great truth of our Savior's dying for the ungodly ought to be comprehended; but so sadly is this book neglected, that its plainest teachings are not understood. Whether we believe these truths or not, we are certainly very culpable for our want of intellectual knowledge concerning them. "The entrance of thy words giveth light," we are told. His word is always used in the conversion of sinners. Happy is that convicted and mourning one whose heart has been early stored with the word of God! The Holy Spirit brings to remembrance the things that Jesus said. God can, and often does, use a single verse of his word to bring one to a knowledge of his love. But happy is the man whose understanding is "filled with the knowledge of his will!"

Oh! friends, be ignorant of its teachings no longer. It is before the world a storehouse of vast wealth, of profound knowledge; a great unexplored country of infinite resources; and he who is ignorant of it loses intellectually vastly. But what is the intellectual knowledge to the spiritual, and who can give this but the Holy Spirit? This saves the soul, and may be had for the asking.

Not by the world alone is this precious volume neglected. Alas! it often lies dusty and neglected upon the shelf, opened very seldom by those who profess to love its Author. Now, we know it is to be the "man of our counsel." We are to search it, "as for hid treasures." (See Thomson's *Land and the Book.*)

Says the inspired writer: "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." "When the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall set up a standard against him." How? The preceding verse explains how. The hiding of God's word in the heart is effected by searching it, pondering upon it, and praying for light; then in every circumstance, when Satan takes advantage of weakness, trials, or bodily infirmities, to bring upon us a flood of doubts, fears, and temptations, the

Spirit of God comes in by his grace, and lifts up this standard, the word, against him. Thus, "the entrance of thy word giveth light," scatters the darkness, and "the path of the just" through it "is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Oh, glorious sun! why do we shut our eyes to its effulgence? Surely we are like the disciples whose eyes were holden. Our eyes, our hearts, our affections, are so engrossed with the world that we do not understand "the wondrous things out of thy law."

Once I saw the sun arise from the ocean. First, streaks of dim light sprang up in the east, through the gray twilight; then a warmer glow spread over the horizon; soon a particle of intense light seemed to spring suddenly into being, reflecting itself far upon the heaving billows; instantly the round, red sun, in all its beauty, rested upon the plain of waters.

I have often thought of it since as an illustration of that passage, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." The truth of God implanted is light sown in our hearts, and the glorious Sun of Righteousness appears finally in his beauty and splendor.

Written to a young girl sinking in a rapid decline, whose Catholic father cruelly persecuted and abused her because she wanted to learn about the Savior of sinners:

*My dear young Friend:*—I have heard that you are quite ill, with a probability of your disease ending in death; so you will not be displeased, I am sure, at my writing to you.

I want to talk to you about the dear Savior of sinners,—that blessed Jesus who came from heaven to save just such sinners as you and I.

"*He* ever liveth to make intercession for us"—not the Virgin Mary—not the saints—not our dear departed friends, but Jesus.

He lives. He can hear your prayer. He will not turn away his ear. He is nearer to you than your own thoughts. Lift your desires to him. Call upon him. "Every one that asketh receiveth. He that seeketh findeth—to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

Perhaps you feel your sinfulness. Ah! what sinners we are! "There is none that doeth good, no not one." We have not loved our heavenly Father, who gave his dear Son for sinners. He has poured out his blessings upon us, and we have returned him nothing but ingratitude. We have not loved the dear Savior, who died to redeem poor sinners. We are, indeed, guilty—guilty; and we need to place our hand on our mouth, and our mouth in the dust, and cry: "Unclean—unclean!"

Who can forgive sins? God only; and we can come directly to Jesus, who is God, and say: Thou dost say, O blessed Jesus, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Ask, and ye shall receive." "Look unto me, and be ye saved all the ends of the earth, for I am God and besides me there is no Savior."

My dear young friend, you may feel yourself very weak; go to Jesus for strength. You may feel your ignorance; he gives wisdom. You may feel yourself a blind sinner groping in darkness; Jesus, blessed be his name, can give you light. Though many adverse circumstances may surround you, the Lord Jesus is nearer than all, and he can make all things plain. Go to him with all your sins and weariness, and be assured he will give you himself.

"There is salvation in no other." We need no other *Mediator*, no other *Intercessor*, for he is God himself, and he has died for those for whom he pleads. Oh! if you will but look to him. In the silent hours of the night lift up your heart to him; at your various work, call upon his name.

It matters not what is done to the poor body, if our souls are

living in the Savior. Our poor bodies may be burned, or sawn asunder, it matters not. Leave all that with God, and seek an eternal rest in heaven. Oh! that some word in this letter might lead you to look from yourself to Jesus, "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!"

This letter explains itself:

*My dear Friend*:—I have often wished to have a religious conversation with you; but the opportunity has not presented itself, so I have thought I would write and express to you my warm interest in your eternal welfare.

You will remember that we were both confirmed in the Episcopal Church the same day. For myself, I was a deceived person; I had no particular knowledge of my sins, no faith in a Savior's precious blood. The thing seemed duty, and I did it with nervousness and trembling. No doubt many who knelt at that altar were renewed persons and rejoiced in a Savior's love; but I did not, and it may be you did not. How long I might have gone on in my deceived state I can not say, had not my heavenly Father sent bitter affliction upon me, and aroused me from my slumbers. This was the means he used to show me my vile heart and lead me to Jesus' feet.

Now, my dear friend, I would ask you: "Are you saved?" Does the sweet assurance come to you—"I am saved, I know it; I feel it; I can call God 'my Father;' I *know* that Jesus has washed me in his precious blood?" It may be you do feel this. It may be you do rejoice in a Savior's love. But if you do not, please do not rest until you *know* that the Savior is indeed yours. May you appropriate him to yourself, and feel that "his blood cleanseth from all sin." "He that has not the Spirit of Christ is none of his," the word of God states; and if we have not the Holy Spirit sent from the Father and the Son, we are not "born again."

If you feel that Jesus is not yours, do ask earnestly for the Holy Spirit, for all may have him for the asking, to guide

you into all truth. Do not, I beg you, defer it until some future time; but remember "*now* is the accepted time;" "*to-day* if ye will hear his voice."

The "strait gate" is so narrow, that we can take none of our righteousness or morality with us; but we must go just as we are, "without one plea," but that his blood was shed for sinners.

May God add his blessing and enable you to feel sure you are "a child of God," to grow in grace and in the knowledge of his will; and if you do not realize the forgiveness of sins, to go to Jesus the mighty Savior for all things.

Sincerely your friend.

To one who had made no public profession of attachment to Christ:

BROOKLYN, *March 2d.*

*My dear Cousin:*—I have felt so concerned about your precious soul of late, that I am constrained to write to you. Will you not read these few lines, as I have written them, prayerfully?

I remember once you were very ill with some fever, and we thought you were to die. God, in his infinite mercy, raised you to health again. I know then you had serious thoughts about this subject. God was calling you then, dear cousin. Friends have been taken from you, and at last a loving —— snatched away from your sight. God was calling you then also. Now, in his mercy, he is bidding you seek him. Through his Holy Word, by Christian friends, by the still small voice of conscience, he bids you "seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near." "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." My dear cousin, it is not to-morrow, or next week, or next year, but *now*, while you read this letter, while you think upon the truths it contains. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." No to-morrow is mentioned, no future time pointed out. We may not live until to-morrow, and then, without a trust in

Jesus, where will our souls be? Would I could in some way influence you to attend to this momentous question *now, to-day*, "before the evil days come." In this I am powerless; but I can look up to God for Jesus' sake, to send his Holy Spirit into your heart.

I desire that you may have a new heart; and by this is meant, a heart that loves the Savior better than anything else. God alone can give this. Will you not ask for it?

You know as well as I do, that God's word teaches that our morality can not save us. "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified." Those who try such a method must render perfect obedience to the law, and this you know is comprehended in the Savior's words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Who can live up to this holy law? "Now to him who worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt." Yes, it must be paid to the fullest extent if we undertake it; but, dear cousin, read the remainder of that beautiful verse: "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly"—who is that? It is Jesus, my adorable Savior—"his faith,"—whose faith? The faith of the poor sinner who dares trust this Savior—"his faith is accounted for righteousness." Oh! how wonderful that our heavenly Father will receive us for Jesus' sake, and account our faith in Jesus as righteousness!

Will you not *now* think about your soul, and call upon the Lord Jesus to make you his? "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his;" and if we are his, "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." Do not rest, dear cousin, until you feel assured that the Holy Spirit, God himself, has made your heart his dwelling-place.

I should love to have a line from you. I feel deeply concerned for your eternal welfare, for I know that no matter how good and noble our lives are, nothing avails with the Father but the plea

of his Son's precious blood; and oh, what a plea is that! May God grant you his Holy Spirit to make the plea, and rejoice in that precious atonement. So prays your affectionate cousin.

In a letter to one who had long been her associate teacher in the infant department, and who had recently married and gone to St. Louis, she writes:

BROOKLYN, *April* 25, 1866.

*My dear Maggie:*—Your welcome letter came day before yesterday, and as it is very important just now that I "do not put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day," I commence a reply. It is a great mercy that you arrived safely at the end of your journey. * * * God's hand was over you, and not a hair of your head could be harmed. Our meetings still continue with earnestness. Last Sabbath four were baptized, and others await the ordinance next Sabbath. I have not been out since last Friday evening, and I can assure you I feel the deprivation keenly. * * * It will give you joy to know that Mrs. F. G. has been converted, and that Willie Storms was baptized last Sabbath. A singular thing occurred at N——, last week: A deputation came from a colored Methodist Church to N——, saying, that sixty of its members, with its pastor, had come to the conclusion that sprinkling was not to be found in God's word, and they all wanted to be baptized. Simultaneously, a company of twenty from H—— came on the same errand. I do not know how the matter will be arranged. Bro. F. G. baptized fifteen persons last Sabbath. * * *

*Thursday* 26*th.*—Mr. Sarles tells me this morning that both of Bro. Field's sons have been converted, and are rejoicing in the Lord. Bro. Mackenzie's son is also converted, and will relate his experience on Friday evening. So the good work goes on gradually and silently. May it never end with us; but may God's people be built up, and sinners converted among us daily. Spiritu-

ality is what I desire for our dear church. Wealth, position, and honors fade away in comparison with it. Oh, for praying, world-despising Christians! May our heavenly Father bless you, dear child, as he has in the past, and cause that you and your dear husband may consecrate yourselves more wholly to his service. Living in the world may you not be of it, but "live in the Spirit," and feel that "Christ is in you," that "ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." We wish you all the blessedness that the gospel has to bestow, and we desire so much of worldly prosperity for you as God sees best.

Written to a cousin, the wife of Rev. Caleb Davison, Missouri:

Brooklyn, *April* 30, 1866.

*My dear Cousin*:—I have been thinking about you very often of late, and wondering how you are,—all of you. It is a long, long time since I have heard a word from you. Would it not be pleasant to live near each other, that our children might become acquainted, and have a merry play once in a while? I feel the need of child companionship for my little Maria; she is such a premature old lady in her remarks; and although she romps around from early morning till night, still it is all alone she is, except with dolly. Street education I abhor; and I much prefer, of the two things, delicate health and good morals, to robust health and wicked impressions. So she spends her time with the grown people of the house. If God favors, however, I hope to be over a trouble in a few days, and then she will have a constant source of amusement. When you write again, tell me all about your little ones,—how they look, and what they say. Tell Mary I wrote a letter to her once, but have received no reply as yet. I hope one of these days to see her.

God has been blessing and is still blessing us as a church. Forty-two have been baptized since the first Sabbath in March. The

good work still goes on quietly and steadily, without any undue excitement attending it. Our people are afraid of outside machinery, and do not employ it; but look directly to God's Spirit for a blessing.

Now much love to all,—Mr. D., and the children. Write me about difficulties, as well as joys.

An intimate friend of Mrs. Sarles writes:

"Talking with her about a month before her sickness, she looked upon me with a face full of the sunshine of contentment, and said:"

"I feel perfectly at ease in regard to it. I have committed it entirely to the Lord. I know as my day is, my strength shall be. My husband is anxious, but he is very glad I take it so easy. I know what the trial is; but after I have passed through it, I think it seems to me as Paradise must seem to those who have just left the weary earth."

In a note to this same friend two days only before her illness, she says:

"God's time is the best. It is a weary road to travel, but the end of it pays for all the trials. The Christian can place all in the hands of the Lord, and leave it there. We are so apt to take our cares back again."

From among all the pieces which she had previously written, she reproduced but one for the Sacred Literary Society; and that one she brought forward, as if by prophetic foresight, for the last meeting that was held during her lifetime. That meeting was in May, 1866, and the piece is herewith given:

## THE SHIP OF DEATH.

[Suggested by a translation from the German representing the ship of death leaving the shores of time, and bearing the spirit of the dead over the dark waters to the land beyond.]

"Soul! the ship is nearing port,
Thou the voyage must take,
Cometh she with shades of night
Or at morning break."

Lo! the soul heeds not the warning
Of the whisper soft,
But of dark forgetfulness
Quaffs he deep and oft,—
While the ship as daylight dawneth,
Sure but silently,
Cometh in a vapor shrouded,
Rising from the inky sea.
O'er those dark and dismal waters
Comes nor voice nor sound:
Shadow of a shadow seems she,
In the silence bound.
At the helm a spectre steereth—
Skeleton so grim—
With the misty vapor round him
As a mantle dim.

Whither is this stranger vessel?
From what far-off sea?
With the pennon black and dismal
Hanging listlessly!
From the voyager in that vessel
None these things may learn,
For he setteth out alone,
And never may return.

In the chamber there is wailing,
Tears and wild lament,
For the stern and spectre helmsman
For the soul hath sent.
And he goeth on the vessel
With a hurried groan,
For he leaveth all his riches,
Taking voyage alone.
Whither does the vessel bear him,
With its pilot grim?
Ah! the thing is mystery,
Mystery all dim;
But some say the voyage endeth
In a land of dread,
Where the very light is darkness,
Silent as the dead.

Stiller than the night-dew falleth,
Swift as wings of time,
Cometh now again the death-ship,
Awfully sublime:
But upon the shore one standeth,
Clothed in garments white,
While through all the dark are streaming
Rays of living light,—
And he gazeth earnestly,
With joy upon his brow,
For beyond the gloomy ocean
Heaven opens now!
And he knoweth well the death-ship
Mooreth to a land
Where all pure and holy voyagers
Form a joyous band;

And at thoughts of Christ the holy
Gloomy thoughts have fled,
For he knoweth, He once entered
In that vessel dread.

Lo! the ship hath neared the shore,
But he fears not now,
For he sees with strengthened vision
Angels at the prow;
And he pondereth on the promise,
"Thou shalt never fear
When through waters dark thou goest,
I thy course will steer."
Lo! the soul is not alone,
For who those words hath given
Sitteth pilot at the helm,
And steereth safe for heaven!

The poem now following was composed expressly for the paper of the Sacred Literary Society, to be read at the meeting in May, 1866, and was her last writing of poetry.

### OUR GREAT HIGH-PRIEST.

"He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

O Mighty Priest! thy perfect sacrifice
Before thy Father thou art ever pleading,
Able to save; for all who come to Him
Through thy rich merits thou art interceding,
E'en to the uttermost. Thou dost not turn away
The vilest sinner who thy love is needing.

Why art thou living now, O risen Jesus?
Is it to be adored by the angelic throng?
Is it to listen to the mighty chorus
Borne rapturously by heavenly choirs along?
The feeblest cry from earth "for Jesus' merits"
Reaches thine ear before the wondrous song.

For this thou livest—to be my Intercessor,
To bear before thy Father prayers like mine,
To clothe such souls in robes of spotless beauty,
And o'er those robes in bright effulgence shine;
So that thy Father sees in us *thy* glory,
And feels *our* claims are equal, Lord, with *thine.*

Yet who can wonder when the wondrous story
Of thy earth-life we once again unfold,—
How for earth's scenes thou once didst leave the glory
Of pearly gates and streets of crystal gold
For scorning adoration—holiness for sin—
And thou didst die in agony untold?

O risen Jesus! let my poor petitions
Rise with the incense of thy perfect plea;
Take thou away the vail of doubts and sadness
That hides "the glory of the Lord" from me;
Let me no longer through a glass peer dimly,
But face to face, my Intercessor see!

## CHAPTER XI.

THE SLEEP IN JESUS.

On the 31st of May, as by a chariot of fire, our dear one was parted from us and taken up. Instinctively I refuse to call it death. Her little boy born on the 12th, was then nearly three weeks old. A few evenings before, she had spoken of unusual depression. Her health, the needs of the little one, the future of life altogether seemed dark, and she wept while speaking of it, at the same time chiding the unbelief it betrayed. It was for a brief hour only. Like a dream of the night it had passed away. On the morning of this day she was bright and buoyant, even to playfulness. It was so ordered that during most of the forenoon I was with her, and we talked of many things. Her mother and her little daughter, who had gone to New York, were to be back in the afternoon. At a quarter before twelve o'clock I also went out, to return at one, leaving with her, of the family, only her sister. I returned at one. When leisurely approaching my house I saw two or three carriages standing in front. I noticed them particularly, but it did not occur to me

that their appearance there concerned me ever so remotely. As our own physician was accustomed to call once in two or three days, I supposed that one was his, and that, without design, the others had called at the same hour upon my neighbors.

I found my door ajar. Still I only thought that my family was not usually careful. Upon entering, I saw in my parlor my neighbors from either side of me, one weeping, the other extremely sad. Somewhat aroused, I asked the cause of their appearance. The attempted evasion startled me, and I supposed that injury, possibly by a fall, had come upon some of my household, or upon some friend, who had been brought in. In another instant I asked if my wife was not as well. No words were needed to tell me that she was the object of solicitude. I turned hurriedly to go to her, when they attempted to detain me, saying that the physicians were there, and they would speak to them. Of course, I could not be detained, and pressing on up into the room, what was my dismay when forthwith I saw her lying in that last deep sleep! Could it be reality, or had sudden madness seized upon me? Of the family her sister only had been with her, and she was now sitting at the head of the bed quite frantic, understanding only imperfectly what she said or did.

Our mother and daughter came later, came happy and smiling, and entered the parlor where many were gathered, before the shaft was allowed to strike

them. Only a mother could describe that hour. But *our* history may not be further obtruded here.

The mystery had been explained to me thus: Five minutes after I left, Dr. Hull drove to the door. Mrs. Sarles was sitting on the side of the bed. Hearing the carriage stop, she remarked: "That's the doctor, and I am not ready." Presently he was on the stairs and heard her request that he be detained a moment in the parlor. A minute later, she coughed slightly, pressed her hand tightly to her heart to still some sudden pain, turned deathly white, and was falling back on the bed partially sustained by the nurse. The doctor, hearing the alarm, was instantly beside her. In a few moments she recovered from the strange shock, and seeing them anxiously gazing upon her, smilingly inquired, "What is the matter?" and quickly answered, "Oh! I only fainted!" and asked the doctor for a little brandy.

The physician already understood the serious nature of her illness, and had resorted to the most vigorous treatment. He also called to his aid an associate physician from the opposite side of the street. Everything that medical skill could suggest was administered with singular promptitude. Though suffering much from a sense of suffocation, she spoke familiarly of several passing things,—suggested a change of position to relieve the one who was rubbing her, and brushed the mustard from the sleeve of her nurse. Once she said there was some relief.

Upon the return of keener sufferings, she asked the doctor if he could relieve her. He expressed a hope that he might. Moving her head, she said it felt like a seventy pounds weight. Then clasping her sister's hand, she pressed it fervently to her side, and turned upon her a last long look of yearning affection and desire, as if to bear in that look all she would have said to the absent loved ones, and then appealing to the Great Physician, prayed: "O Lord, relief,—send relief, dear Lord!" Her prayer was answered. No struggle, not a movement; peacefully she sank into his loving arms,—"languished into life," and was forever "at home with the Lord."

Had the sun suddenly disappeared at noon, the day could not well have seemed more black or dreadful. For weeks it was hard to refrain from appropriating the language:

> "That day, let it be darkness:
> let not God from above seek for it,
> nor light shine forth upon it.
> Let darkness and death-shade reclaim it;
> let clouds rest upon it;
> let darkenings of the day affright it!"

Playfully she had said once and again: "I do believe something is the matter with my heart," and there had been an occasional sense of suffocation; but one serious thought of heart disease had not entered our mind.

In the course of a few days a sealed letter, directed

to me by her own hand, and intrusted to her sister, was before me. It was dated May 2, 1866, and inscribed thus :

"To be opened in case of my death. If I should live, please burn it up."

Had I known what she had written, I could hardly have failed to understand what events were at hand. The spirit and language of that letter show that she quite knew what was to befall her. Its sweet tenderness, its more than earthly dignity, its heavenly composure, its love to Christ—to me and mine—faithful unto death, its marked separation from everything but what the Holy Spirit would prompt in an hour of parting from earth, with all the solemn and blessed realities of the other world—of heaven—in full view, all this shows that she knew that the time of her departure was at hand. Of the *hour* she knew nothing. Only a few days before she was taken, she remarked that she did not count on a month in advance now.

She had been hurriedly engaged in completing a gown for me, dresses for the little ones, and arrangements for the household, as if beforehand she saw the shattered condition of the family, and as studiously neglecting similar preparations for herself. She was eagerly righting up her correspondence, and sending letters of touching appeal to particular friends and relatives who knew not our Lord. As in the translation of Elijah, the secret of the Lord was with

the one to be taken. While she tenderly withheld her deep impressions, she was tasking every power to have all besides in readiness. Why did we not hear these prophetic voices,—know ye that the Lord is about to take away the light of your house, and the delight of your eyes? Her cheerful resignation to whatever the Lord might appoint, every movement so uncomplaining, so gentle, so patient,—these harbingers of the heavenly world might have told us. Her little boy, as if made a partaker with her, and "filled with the Holy Spirit, even from his mother's womb," breathed the same spirit. In his great suffering and sickness unto death, one month later, there was no crying, only suppressed, plaintive moanings in his greatest agony, as mild as his mother in hers. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not" long "divided."

In that sealed note she writes:

"I wish to say that of late I have been enabled to take God more at his word, and to trust more implicitly the promises of Jesus."

In another part of it she writes:

"I have no wish for my children, except that they may early know and serve the Lord."

A letter written by me to the church, three weeks from that day, presents as fair a review of the event and its connections as I am able to supply at this later day:

NEAR WESTFIELD, N. J., *June* 21, 1866.

TO THE CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

*Dear Brethren and Sisters* :—In your considerate kindness, it would be like you not to expect a letter from me. I am not so engrossed, however, with personal affliction as not to recognize and appreciate the deep and widely-felt sympathy you have manifested, and as also not to remember that you too have been bereaved in my bereavement.

You have done all you could in personal ministrations ; and I doubt not that you have done a thousand-fold more in prayer than you have had any opportunity of doing otherwise ; for all of which I sincerely thank you. But you, too, have been stricken. You have parted with one of the noblest of noble women, and a bright trophy of victorious and transforming grace. As she was with me, however, in every part of my work as pastor, she has bequeathed to you, as to me, a precious and fragrant memory. To you, and to me and mine, may the memory of this righteous one be blessed !

This is the twenty-first day since the stunning blow fell. Mercifully it has taken days and these weeks to come to a tolerably full realization of the extent of the desolation that God wrought in that hour. With that over-spreading and sometimes unsparing realization has come also time to review and re-review the providence that at first appeared only dark and dreadful. With growing clearness, I begin to see

that it was "a cup full of mixture," and that in that mixture "loving-kindness and tender mercies" were not wanting. I can see that when it is once conceded that my dear, *dear* Mary must be parted from me, and at this time,—an act in which, by reason of the unmeasured depths of His counsels, clouds and darkness are round about Him,—I can see that, after that concession, all is gentleness and indulgent love.

Three years before, on the day a little boy, our first, was born, my dear wife was passing away from earth —had quite parted with all objects of sense; a few minutes more, and there had been no turning back to husband or child. Before the peril had become apparent to the most vigilant at her side, our attending physician, entirely out of his ordinary course and unlooked for by us, drove hurriedly to the door. He knew not wherefore, but God had sent him to save. By that special interposition alone she was saved. That same physician, after his calls were suspended, on the late 31st of May entered my house some minutes before anything but cheer and life were seen or felt. Ready to enter the room, he heard her familiar voice directing that he be detained a moment in the parlor. He was there awaiting the appointed moment when he would be our great earthly need.

Surely that arrangement was to tell me, on its face, that the Lord had not forgotten to be gracious—was not afar off—was near at hand—was thinking upon

us—was considering our frame, remembering that we were dust—was afflicted in our coming affliction,—had weighed every reason for saving that precious life; yes, had made the very same preparation for saving that he made before, as if to show how easily he could save, and how much it was in his heart to save, if thoughts and ways as high as heaven did not forbid, the time chosen by infinite wisdom having come when what was mortal should be swallowed up by life.

It is not difficult to see that loving-kindness had largely to do with the choice of the hour and the disease. If, after hours of quiet rest, stretching all along from midnight till breaking of day, such as we often had with this little boy, some one had entered the room to find that dear one in the deep sleep in which I returned to find her, what a night that had been in memory! What occasion there had been for refusing to be comforted,—for self-reproach! How often our hearts had been pressed to the point of breaking with the questions,—when her spirit took its flight? how much she suffered? how long the conflict? whether she might not have been easily relieved? and whether she did not try in vain to call us? As it is, we have reason to believe that she was not aware of the fatal character of this sudden attack till within the last one or two minutes, when there was left no opportunity to feel the absence of mother, or husband, or child,

or to sorrow for the helpless little one. To know that she was spared all this, and that death was made to her so like a translation, more than reconciles to the suddenness and severity of the blow. Contrast this with wasting consumption, or cancer, or even cholera, or with Mrs. ——, now for three days in convulsions. Let me bear the shock in silence. By as much as the brevity of the suffering was a special favor to her,—all of it not exceeding ten minutes,—it is doubly so to me.

I can not fail to see how tenderly all this contrasts with what might so easily and so naturally have accompanied death by heart disease. Not in the depth of night, but at mid-day; that day also, not dark and gloomy, but mild, and pure, and bright; not rudely, with wild haste, summoned from sleep to find ourselves in the presence of death, standing alone before him without a neighbor, our chief treasure gone, as if having been left uncared for to struggle and die alone; not this amid the solemn stillness of night, to intensify the sight that must at best pierce our heart, but all of it under the broad full light of noon-day, the physician of her choice among all physicians, who had once saved her, awaiting her first call; Mrs. Whitley, a widely experienced nurse, who had been with her in every sickness, the one she preferred above all others, and faithful to utter self-forgetfulness, this one guardedly watching every measured movement in rising from

the bed; the first symptom of distress caught by her eye, the best remedies at hand and almost instantly applied, a second physician within call, kind neighbors pressing in to lend their aid, suffering so brief, and death, if it must be called so, altogether so like the change without death that awaits the favored saints who shall be living at Christ's second coming —for all this I have thanked the Lord, and I do still thank him. It is due, also, that I acknowledge him in it before the people. Even the absence of mother, husband, and child, more than likely, was a special indulgence to her, thinking that we could not bear the sight, and desiring that as far as possible we might be shielded.

During all these later years she lived along familiar with thoughts of dying. In the first year of our marriage, she wrote a letter to her Bible Class of young ladies, which closes thus:

"It may be that I may never teach again. Life may end with me in a little while. If we are never permitted to meet again as teacher and scholars, remember that your souls' best interests were always on my heart. One of the scholars the good Savior has taken to heaven. Would I could say of each one of you, that I knew he would take you there if death came. There is but one way of escape, Jesus Christ; there is but one way of obtaining forgiveness of sins and peace with God, it is, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

"It is my earnest wish, dear girls, that you will keep together, and attend as regularly as possible on Sunday school. I know you will do so, for I feel sure of your love, and know you will

please me in this respect. If God spares my life and health, I hope to be with you again by-and-by. My love to all of you. May grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, rest upon each of you, is the sincere prayer of

"Your loving friend and teacher."

In the first interview I ever had with her she expressed the conviction that her time on earth was short, and that therefore she had need of doing with her might what her hands found to do.

The first time I ever heard her sing alone, seating herself at the piano, she began :

"I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim," etc.

She carried the hymn sweetly through. She sang to me what her future of life was to be ; and now, in these lines I read of the blissful home she has reached.

With advancing days she kept hastening in her work, as if she saw night swiftly coming. Every faculty was enlisted and the days were crowded with toil. Suddenly she reproduced the *Ship of Death*, then wrote that last poem, and in its closing prayed,

O risen Jesus, let my poor petitions
Rise with the incense of thy perfect plea;
Take thou away the vail of doubts and sadness
That hides "the glory of the Lord" from me;
Let me no longer through a glass peer dimly,
But, *face to face*, my Intercessor see!

It is so strange that we did not see and could not hear. Then she wrote her farewell letter; and now she was watching and waiting the signal of his coming. She "walked with God, and was not; for God took her."

# CHAPTER XII.

## MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTERISTICS.

It is no part of the design of this chapter to attempt an analysis of intellectual endowments. In respect to that the book itself will suggest all that is desired. But familiarity with the every-day thoughts and feelings of the one departed supplies facilities for singling out controlling sentiments that others could not command from the reading of a history so brief as this. To make these advantages at once available to the reader is the present purpose.

## FAITHFULNESS.

By this I mean such an appreciation of truth, God's word being the sole test, as to feel an intense desire to know his will, with an immovable purpose to stand by it. Mrs. Sarles could not conceive it possible that *any* revealed truth might be unimportant. The character of God forbade it. She stood in awe of his word, and she took it "as a heritage forever." She could anticipate nothing but disaster, near by or remote, from holding any truth loosely.

"The wisdom from above is *first pure*," was "deep graven on her heart." Keenly did she appreciate the inspired injunction: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good;" and fully did her life attest the fact that she was prepared to "buy the truth" at any cost, and to "sell it" for no price.

Love of principle is here made to head the list of characteristics, because in her it was pre-eminent, and more widely than anything else that can be named controlled her life. While in no disparaging sense did she belong to a past age, she was among the last to be found in a modern crowd. Placing herself firmly upon the truth, she could afford to wait, and wait, and still wait patiently, till God should vindicate it.

Her style of writing was in beautiful harmony with her clear conceptions, and strong, distinct convictions of revealed truth. Her faith consisted in no vague generalities, but each truth stood out like a planet in the blue canopy, and all were called by name. Her style was the fitting channel for a mind intent upon truth, and a heart so moulded as hers was by grace. It was direct, clear as the open day, and as simple as a child, with figures, when she used them, bold and beautiful.

Such a state of heart gives quickness of perception in the reading both of God's word and his providence; and, despite the power of educational prejudices and the counter tides of popular favor, bears

onward and upward the enfranchised possessor. It was so with Mrs. Sarles. With her well-defined views of what constituted the truth, and her tried determination to have and hold it at all hazards, it was next to impossible that she should not become intensely interested in the

REVISION OF THE ENGLISH SCRIPTURES.

The Bible it was that brought sweetest peace in her deep agony on the sea. In the Bible it was that she waited upon God. In that experience a deep secret was opened to her—the privilege of immediate appeal to God for *certain* direction in everything that concerns his will. But this created a necessity for knowing unmistakably what the Lord had revealed. From the pulpit and the commentators she knew that the commonly received version, in some particulars, she knew not how many, was not reliable. Let, then, the scholarship and piety of the ages and of the world supply the book that shall speak to us as God spoke to the Hebrews and the Greeks.

On these grounds, the principles and objects of the American Bible Union commended themselves to her grateful acceptance and warm support. Since the publication of the New Testament revised by that Society, she had used no other, and never could return again to the revision by King James. Whether changes in the reading were grateful to her feelings

or otherwise made no difference, the *truth* was her simple demand.

Her education politically, and many of her associations, were powerfully adapted to conceal from her the essential nature of

THE LATE REBELLION.

Love for the Bible, however, saved her; an ear quick to catch its alarms, and a heart prompt to heed them, saved her from the remotest approach to those meshes of political delusion in which many became entangled. From the opening to the close of the war, promptly and vigorously and persistently, she lent her undivided influence to the support of the Government. Her loyalty was unconditional; because, with the Bible before her, she saw that the rebellion was in the interest of anarchy against which God had set himself; and that, therefore, parties all aside, God stood for one, Satan for the other.

A disposition to look at things in the light of God's word, wherein all that is merely circumstantial is laid aside, secured in her, contrary to the tendency of many surrounding influences, Christ-like views and purposes respecting

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

Very deeply were her sympathies with the poor. It was thoroughly congenial to her to go to their homes, and be much among them. The simplicity of

the poorer classes had strong attractions for her. She said, that, as a rule, they were easily approached with the gospel, the door to their heart stood open, the surrender to Christ, when made, was unreserved and prompt, the separation from the world was marked and hearty. Not so among the rich. Many, many noble exceptions there were; but the rule was quite the opposite of that among the poor. Not for a moment, however, did she believe that, under a change of circumstances, the poor would be any better proof against the seductions of wealth; she had witnessed, alas! many sad proofs to the contrary. But it was this:—she saw that wealth, unused for the Lord and misapplied, exerted a most pernicious influence upon the heart of its owner; that as riches are ordinarily held and used, the door of the gospel was thereby closed upon their possessors. To this fact our Lord referred when he said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! for it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

She accepted it with thankfulness and joy, as a special token for good, that her own church had not become a resort for rich and fashionable Christians, but was pre-eminently a home for the poor, among whom were found so much oftener those who are "rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom." She insisted that the Lord would always see to it, that where

the gospel was preached to the poor, at least as zealously and tenderly as to the rich, there should be a sufficient number of noble-spirited rich men to minister of their substance in meeting pecuniary necessities, or that there should be repeated over and over again the mystery of the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil.

---

### SELF-SACRIFICING BENEVOLENCE.

Her benevolence was not the kind that could be content with sending what she could spare by the hand of another. She did not shrink from the discomfort of going in person, or from heaviness of heart at seeing destitution and wretchedness. Besides sending, she wanted to extend personal sympathy, "to weep with those who weep," and pour in the consolation of the gospel. But she never went empty-handed. She was as willing to do for the poor as she was to speak to them of Christ; nay, she never thought of separating the two. Limited in her means she yet gave largely, because she gave as those did of whom it is said: "Their deep poverty abounded to the riches of their liberality." She even prayed for wealth, believing that the Lord had given her the grace to desire it alone for his cause, and she yearned to have it in her power to relieve, where often her heart could only ache. It is also due to say, that during the last few years of her life three

several bequests came to her, amounting to as many thousands of dollars, to sustain her in the benevolent impulses of her heart.

Only the Lord knows how many thanks have been verbally returned to her, and how many blessings invoked upon her in cellar and garret, by the way, at her door, and in her kitchen. My eye now falls upon a note from a woman of culture and great worth, but struggling with pecuniary embarrassments, in another State :

"I hardly know how to thank you for your gift. I know you have made some sacrifice to send it, and I thank you many times. I hope you may never know from experience how very much it will help at such a time."

Received late in her life, from many hundreds of miles away, was found a letter from which these extracts are taken :

"Every day I find some new reason to "have faith in God." The barrel has been stowed away in the warehouse all this time, and yet it has come to light, as I *trusted*, before the coldest weather. * * * The contents of the barrel are, indeed, most acceptable and valuable to us. Since ——'s sickness, he has had frequent attacks of ague, and you should have seen the grateful smile which overspread his face, as he drew on a new warm shirt, which I immediately made from the nice domestic muslin which you sent. Of all your generous donations, I do not know which to mention first, for all of them are so timely, so much needed. Emotions of gratitude overcome me. * * * The clothes which you sent will be of great assistance. * * * The children, as well as Mr. ———, send their warmest love and thanks."

For a long period the time had not been when her hands were not more than full, doing for others to self-neglect, and even to self-forgetfulness. It was as

true of her as it was of Job, she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. She was eyes to the blind, and feet was she to the lame. She was a mother to the poor, and the cause which she knew not she searched out. But about the only remembrance she had of it all was that she had done very little.

Down to the last moments of life, that disposition to forget herself in caring for others strongly impressed itself upon the attending physicians. In seeking not her own, but another's wealth, she trod the sure road to enduring riches and righteousness.

---

UNSUSPECTING

It was difficult for her to look upon a beggar as an impostor; and admitting that there might be such, she still thought it a much less evil to be imposed upon, than to turn away from some wounded spirit timidly venturing forth under the sternest necessity. Only by frequent deceptions, long continued, could she be brought to suspect dishonesty before it was proven.

---

"THE TONGUE—A WORLD OF INIQUITY."

Dislike for tale-bearing, whispering, backbiting, disparaging criticisms, fault-finding insinuations, was

a marked characteristic. Everything in that line she looked upon as dishonorable among men and offensive to God. Not from the force of resolution did she abstain from it, but from such an appreciation of the meanness and evil of it as to feel compromised in voluntarily listening to it. She was so separated in spirit, in sympathy, in all her judgments, from those who meet to discuss the failings of others, that a gulf quite impassable was lying between. Daily companionship with that class of persons would have made her dwelling seem to crowd hard on to the borders of woe.

---

### PROMPTITUDE.

Intimate acquaintances will not be likely to read the little word "Done," that closes Mary's first composition, without feeling a strong provocation to laughter, for the reason that it will spring upon them so unexpectedly, a full portrait in miniature of the original. Every act of her life seemed to be complete in itself, and was as promptly begun as it was entirely accomplished. Nothing that could be done to-day was left till to-morrow, and nothing was put in such a form as to need supplementing. In some unaccountable way she appeared to be always ready to begin what was to be done, and, before leaving it, must feel that she had "done what she could," so that it was discharged as done to make

room for something else. Her manner and every-day movements all took on the form of promptitude and completeness. If a tumbler of water or a cup of coffee was set down, the act was prompt and finished. It was more than a mental habit, and was a great secret in the undertaking and accomplishment of so much good.

---

### WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS.

Once she was herself a fashionable professor of religion, an admirer of the dance, practiced and accomplished in the art; but from the day she was wedded to Christ, by a living faith, she parted with it forever. She believed that the best arguments for dancing, the opera, and kindred popular amusements, legitimately pressed and carried out, would end in violently sweeping away all distinction in life between those who love Christ, and those who love him not, and would brand with falsehood the declaration: "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." In the light of what she had seen, and felt, and heard, with no meagre opportunities for observation, it was worse than idle to tell her of the friendliness of such associations to spiritual religion. By as much as their hostility was concealed they were only the more perilous. Not to say that they were immeasurably inferior to and beneath the spirit and the aims of the gospel, she believed that

they were lying in a direction wholly the opposite. It was to her a mystery, that Christians, unless already yielding under powerful temptation to compromise with the world, could fail to see every disguise torn away from such worldly devices by language like this: "Love not the world, neither the things in the world. If any man loves the world, the love of the Father is not in him, because all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the empty pomp of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world!" "If, then, ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things above, where Christ is sitting on the right hand of God. Set your mind on the things above, not on the things upon the earth, for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God!" "Be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may discern what is the will of God, the good, and well-pleasing, and perfect."

---

INTER-MARRIAGE BETWEEN BELIEVERS AND UNBELIEVERS.

Mrs. Sarles held that Christians were not at liberty to form intimate, and, least of all, marriage alliances, with unbelievers. God had laid his prohibition upon it. Such unequal yoking would be sure to result in repelling and alienating the unconverted, or in compromises stifling to the spiritual life of the other. Occupying forbidden ground and un-

repentant, a Christian has no promise of sustaining grace, and no reason to hope for honored usefulness.

When I announced a determination not to participate again in the solemnization of such marriages, I said to her, that she, of course, would lose many a fee by it. She replied, that now, from that time, she would give to the Lord two dollars instead of one out of every ten received from marriages. She was more than faithful in fulfilling the promise.

Deeply did she deplore that, among Christian mothers and daughters, marriage should be regarded as quite indispensable to a reputable standing in society and a happy life. She believed, on the contrary, that "holy women" have a higher and happier mission, except as marriage shall be the Lord's choice for an *obedient* child. "The unmarried woman cares for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit; but she that is married cares for the things of the world, how she shall please her husband." On this high ground, she asked, why, therefore, ought not Christian women to rejoice, and even exult, in wholly committing that great question of redeemed life, and work, and influence on the earth into their Father's hands; refusing to accept any decision but his, and waiting upon him respecting it, in no doubtful plans or associations, but only in the walks of clearly revealed duty and privilege? Then, married life, when appointed by him, would be both happy and useful and blessed for all worlds; and

not less so single life when he appointed it. Another course than this must be fruitful chiefly in disaster to Christian life, personal and relative, in sorrow, and in wasted gifts. She believed that enlightenment in the church and in the pulpit was sadly needed respecting this greatest of practical questions, next to redemption by the blood of the cross.

---

### CHEERFULNESS.

She rarely carried any other than a smiling face, and it was from the abundance of the heart. Under trial, instinctively she was casting about to turn an untoward providence to some good account. Despite the stunning effect of some blow, she would be sure to find her way at an early hour to a cheerful side of it. She dreaded gloomy people, and greatly admired the opposite trait, especially in Christians, believing that in Christ there were high and holy grounds for gladness and joy evermore. There was a friend of ours in whom she quite saw her ideal of Christian equanimity and cheerful fortitude. She often spoke of her, and the following scrap referring to that one was found among her papers :

"Mrs. —— is the embodiment of cheerfulness. Her husband, since the war, has had his business broken up and is in a very despondent state of mind. He groans and feels sad forebodings relative to everything. She says : 'Why, father, instead of groan-

ing mornings when you wake, you ought to praise God for such a nice bed and comfortable home!' 'Ah, well! mother, we shall be brought to bread and water yet.' 'Well, bread and water are more than either of us deserve; and yet, just notice what an abundance of everything we have.' 'I fear we shall be brought to the poor-house yet.' 'Well, father, if they give me a south window, where the sun comes in, so I can keep a few flowers, I can be happy; for I shall have, as the old lady said: All this and Christ too."

Life to her was never a burden. At long intervals, sometimes years intervening, her great sorrow would come into remembrance, from the nervous shock of which very likely she never wholly recovered, and for an hour or a day she would seem almost unequal to the swelling tide of tumultuous emotions. With these extremely rare exceptions, and known perhaps only to myself, she was uniformly more than cheerful and full of hope, because trusting in God. She saw no dark day of coming want or desertion; and if she admitted the possibility of it, she was sure it would be the choice of infinite love and wisdom, and therefore all would still be well.

Death also had no terrors. While life was no burden, and she found full and happy employment continuously, she held it a ready offering, to be yielded up at any hour of day or night. Of this she often spoke, and with so much of cheerfulness that it could not be unwelcome. She would say: "Well, if the Lord should appoint to take me by this illness or the other, why might it not be well? Why not

in that way as well as any other? And if he appoints it now, why not well as if later?"

---

### RELIGIOUS DEVOTION TO HER CHILDREN.

The spiritual welfare of her children monopolized all her thoughts about them. For this it was in her heart to live and die. She believed that such was the parent's appointment by God. On this ground she always insisted that missionaries ought not to be asked and ought never to consent to separation from their children. Under no plea but that of absolute necessity would she admit that it could be right. That unspeakably solemn responsibility God himself laid upon the parent's heart. Only he, by special revelation, could shift it. The burden of her heart for her children was, not alone their salvation, but their *early* conversion as well,—whether their days were few or many,—a life-long service under Christ. Nor did she come into a state of rest concerning them till she had so passed each one into the hands of the infinitely blessed God through a living and prevalent Intercessor, that she felt assured of acceptance in her petition. About the salvation of each while they yet lived, she was at rest, knowing whom she had believed, and being persuaded that he was able to keep that which she had committed to him,—the early and everlasting salvation of her children,—against that day. Her heart was so much upon it,

that with Bible stories she would hold her little girl fast bound, and was never more happy than when so employed, often wishing that she had a dozen others growing up with her.

---

### THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

Her own experience awakened great fear that a vast multitude of professors of religion might be deceived. From a child she was particularly familiar with the language of religion. Few could handle it more impressively, and she herself accepted that intellectual discernment and approval as the undoubted meaning of true religion. Letters and compositions, very many, carry with them the strongest verbal proof that at an early age she was certainly born again. And yet, down to the close of her life, there was yearly a deepening conviction that she knew nothing of the grace of life till after the great sorrow. If her maturest judgment may be accepted, God's great mercy to her was designed to serve as a searching appeal. Let the appeal be enforced by the extraordinary sentences that follow, written under great trial, but which she insisted were written in a state of unregeneracy.

To her mother, on the outward voyage, she wrote:

"Do not fear for me. God will protect me and support me through whatever troubles I am called upon to meet. I shall be well taken care of. What Mr. M. said troubled me at first, but

now I feel better, and have placed myself in God's hands altogether. * * * Do not fear for me, God will support me through any sorrow. * * * God, to whom I pray constantly, will support me, and give me grace to bear any chastisement, and sanctify it to me, no doubt. * * * I am alone this night on the ocean, but the same God watches over me and you, and in this thought I am happy and content. * * * Yes, now we are at sea, nothing but sky and ocean, both calm, clear, and smooth. How good is God! first, in giving me the opportunity to go; and now these favorable days that I may get to my journey's end safely, I hope. * * * I hope I have a grateful, praying heart, for God is so good to me, and I am so unworthy. * * * To-day there is a heavy sea and hard storm, thunder and lightning and violent rain. The ship is tossed like a feather on the ocean, and the sky looks black and lowering. I have no fear of danger, for I think we have the same Protector on the sea as on the land, and

'Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.'

* * * "Providence has watched over me. He that holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, has also bid them be still again. The storm is past and the sky is again calm and clear. That expression of God's holding 'the waters in the hollow of his hand,' no one can appreciate until she has been at sea. This mighty mass of water, this heaving, turbulent sea, what an exhibition of the Almighty's power is it! In God I put my trust, for he is above the powers of earth, and I know his grace will support me in every trial."

In all her later years she has looked back with agitation upon those days of deep and fatal delusion,

admiring the sovereign grace that opened her fast-closed eyes.

If such men as Thomas Scott and Thomas Chalmers might occupy for many successive years the sacred desk, in all sincerity discharging the functions of the ministerial office, and at length awake to the awful fact that their hearts had never been submitted to Christ, why should it be incredible that this was another instance, designed again to send the note of alarm among the circles of nominal professors of religion ?

There is nothing in her history that she would not rather have omitted than her warning testimony against unsuspected delusion under the cloak of religion.

---

### HUMILITY.

Of the most of her compositions, and many of the most beautiful, I knew nothing till since she was taken away from us. She had not deemed them of sufficient value to be brought to notice.

Her attainments as a Christian she regarded as specially meagre, often making comparisons with others very disparaging to herself. Her view in that respect would have had a depressing effect had she not learned well the happy art of looking at once away from herself and her services, to Christ. Cordially and gratefully and exultingly did she renounce

every service of her head and heart and hand, to take Christ as All. But it is even affecting to remember how little she knew of her worth, and what a low estimate she formed of every service rendered by her in the cause of Christ. She doubted whether she had any means of knowing certainly that her efforts had been owned of God in ministering grace to any soul. There was such a deep and abiding sense of unprofitableness, that, with all her activity and tireless energy, she felt as if she were putting forth so little effort for the Lord that it must be beneath his notice. Instinctively I reproach myself for not overwhelming her with accumulating evidences of her widely extended and divinely accepted toil. But I am reminded that that was not withheld. No ; but it was this—her spirit of humility was so deep, that she could not be *made* to take any other place than that low one. Appreciated worth and honored usefulness were wondrously hidden from her.

It is inspiring to look forward and see with what overwhelming surprise she will hear her numerous deeds owned by the King himself before an assembled universe, when he will say : " Come, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger, and ye took me in ; naked, and ye clothed me ; I was sick, and ye visited me ; I was in prison, and ye came to me."

Her voice will be loud among those who exclaim: "Lord, when saw we thee hungering and fed thee; or thirsting and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in; or naked and clothed thee? And when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came to thee?"

For the reason that she was drawn especially toward those who had no helpers, the last that could requite her, how particularly significant will be the answer: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it to me."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### WORTH APPRECIATED.

If unwritten tributes to the worth of the departed could have been photographed, a great volume of tenderest import would lie before us, and it should never be closed. Much of this lies sacredly treasured where no words can introduce another whose eyes have not seen, whose ears have not heard, and whose hands have not felt what ours have.

The circumstances of many friends, however, rendered it necessary for them to say in writing what they could not say by their presence and tears, while others have, besides, felt called upon to act in particular associate capacities. Some of these communications, so precious to us, are likely to appear marred in the attempt to separate and omit as much as may be what belongs to the living ; while others must be altogether retained in manuscript for ourselves, because so largely referring to those who yet survive. Two or three brief exceptions are allowed, as beautifully suggestive of the true sources of consolation under bereavement.

Since the completion of Mary's studies, fourteen

years had passed, and yet before her parting from us could be publicly announced tidings of it had found their way to her cherished school, and the following kind note was quickly in our hand:

BROOKLYN, *June* 1, 1866.

*My dear Sir:*—The teachers of the Packer Collegiate Institute learn, with deep regret, of the sudden death of Mrs. Sarles, a graduate of the Institution, and a member of the "Associated Alumni." But while we mourn the departure of another member from our ranks, we rejoice that the memory of her talents, virtues, and unobtrusive piety, and the record of her good deeds, will ever remain a memento of departed worth.

We herewith tender our most profound sympathy to you, and commend you to the sustaining grace which made her life beautiful, and her death an exchange for a blessed immortality.

A. CRITTENDEN,
In behalf of the teachers of the Packer Collegiate Institute.

Here also the unwritten volume opens. If human sympathy could have healed the wound, the aching had been of short duration. In overflowing tides it came. Only next to divine sympathy is that of loving human hearts under the sweet influences of grace. In the church, in the congregation, in the community, in the ministry, nothing was withheld that weeping tenderness could suggest. May none of these hundreds need to sorrow alone in trouble.

On the fourth day came the burial. Her former beloved pastor, Rev. H. F. Smith, who also officiated at her marriage, has sketched it thus:

THE FUNERAL.

On Monday morning June 4th, many personal friends gathered at the home once radiant with the smiles and ringing with the tones of wel-

come. How changed! The solemn hush of death sat upon the closed lips, and silently sent a sermon to every heart. The pastor of the church at Bloomfield, N. J., of which she was formerly a beloved member, spoke of the great grief, the grateful memories, the sweet consolation, and the precious hopes of the occasion. The venerable Rev. Ira R. Steward led in an inspiring prayer, and the remains were borne to the sanctuary in Bridge Street, in whose services her soul had so often joined with delight. As the cold form was taken through the great throng, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely" was rendered by the choir with a pathos impossible to any but real mourners, and opened the tide-gates for the outgush of grief that filled all hearts. Dr. Wm. H. Wyckoff expressed the feelings of the bereaved church in words of tender affection, and intense emotion, alluding comprehensively to several of the traits which so endeared the departed to the congregation and the community. Dr. Armitage preached on the resurrection of the body, leading the thoughts of his hearers away from the gloomy grave to the perfect deliverance from the bondage of death. Dr. H. G. Weston followed with an address full of fraternal love and sympathy, and abounding in gospel consolation. Dr. Moore, J. B. Thomas, R. Lowry, and A. P. Graves, of the many ministers present participated in the exercises, after which, Dr. J. L. Hodge led in prayer, with tenderness and fervor bearing up the sorrows of the bereaved to the throne, committing all into the hands of the great High-Priest, and supplicating grace sustaining, comforting, and sanctifying for the stricken.

Then came the sad leave-taking. The shrouded body lay just in front of the baptismal tomb from which it rose nine years before. A mournful procession now passed. The appearance of the various classes who looked into that open coffin was suggestive of the power which God gave her to draw and retain affection. Old and young, grave and gay, rich and poor, mingled their tears, and many in the throng tarried, reluctantly ceasing to look upon the beloved countenance.

Seldom does one see the evidence of worth appreciated that was revealed on that day; and the intense sympathy then shown toward the servant of God who was called to put away his dead, beautifully illustrates the power of the Christian religion to bind the hearts of the saints in the union of a sympathizing, loving brotherhood.

In beautiful Greenwood the body was laid to rest until the resurrection shall reunite it to the soul already "at home with the Lord."

The prominent points in Dr. Wyckoff's address at the funeral, and by order of the church transferred to its records:

The numerous friends of our departed Sister Sarles were accustomed to contemplate in her the following marked characteristics:

A native simplicity that pervaded all that she did. It made her frank, guileless, and natural, and imparted an air of freshness and vivacity to her conversation.

A tender, sympathetic nature, which prepared her to feel the woes and share the happiness of others.

A personal humility, which disposed her to prefer quiet and retired paths of study and usefulness.

An unselfish spirit, which exhibited itself in numerous instances of prompt and cheerful self-denial, to promote the happiness, or even the transient pleasures of those around her.

A delicate conscientiousness, which readily discriminated the right from the wrong.

Genius and talent, highly cultivated, but modestly shrouded from the public eye.

These, and other natural endowments, were hallowed and heightened by abounding grace, and thus constituted a character distinguished for piety and loveliness.

The poor loved her; for she was always intent upon devising means to improve their condition, often at a great sacrifice of her own personal ease and comfort, and of the small pecuniary means which Providence had bestowed upon her.

The church loved her; for she was constantly originating and prosecuting plans for its prosperity.

The youth and the children loved her; for she was always young and cheerful among them, and striving to make them happy and useful.

Her family loved her; for she lit up her home with perennial joy, and filled all the duties of her domestic relations with exemplary fidelity.

And society loved her; for she appeared equally in her place in all situations, a centre of unconscious attraction, with a mild dignity and sense of propriety that sustained her without effort, and imparted a peculiar grace to all her deportment.

An extract from the church letter, prepared by the

clerk, Mr. Wm. S. Durbrow, for the New York Association:

Mrs. Mary E. Sarles, the beloved wife of our dear pastor, Rev. John W. Sarles, was suddenly called to the mansions of the blessed, on Thursday, May 31, 1866. Not only has our dear pastor been bereft of a faithful, devoted, and affectionate companion; but the church, Sabbath school, mission societies, and the unfortunate, have lost a friend whose heart, hand, and best affections were warmly enlisted in their welfare and prosperity. Nature, as well as grace, had endowed her with traits of character which gave a remarkable fitness for the important sphere in which she moved. In the Sabbath school, the mild and amiable graces of her character shone out with radiant beauty and loveliness; it was her delight to gather the young around her, and point them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. It can be truly said of her, that the welfare of our Zion and all its interests absorbed her very being and controlled all her actions. The unaffected piety, devotion, and self-sacrifice in the cause of her Master that marked her intercourse with us, have given her a place in the affections of the church that will ever remain green in our memories. But her labors and toils on earth are over, and she has joined the ransomed who "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

From the records of the Sacred Literary Society, by its President, Rev. Joseph Greaves:

Since the last regular meeting of this Society, it has pleased God to remove suddenly by death our much beloved friend, Mrs. Mary E. Sarles, who departed this life on the 31st of May last, in the midst of a life of usefulness and devoted Christian labor.

In her removal, this Society realizes that it has lost one to whose deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the young, the Society owes its existence. Deeply taught herself in divine things, and conscious of their unspeakable value, it was her constant desire that others should be brought in the happiest way into direct contact with Bible truth. To the attainment of this object she labored with untiring zeal and fidelity, leaving to each member of this Society a bright example of true Christian love and affection. Upon her it had pleased God to bestow manifold blessings, which, in a peculiar manner, fitted her

for imparting instruction to others. Naturally gifted, and having enjoyed the advantage of a liberal education, she entered into the service of her Lord and Master only to employ these sanctified talents for his glory and the good of others. But above all, the Society is called upon to admire the rich grace which shone so conspicuously in all her connection with it, and labors for it, causing her to walk before its members as a living exemplification of practical godliness.

May the same spirit which wrought so mightily in her fill the souls of those whom she left to take up the labors she was called upon so suddenly to lay down.

In the first paper of the Sacred Literary Society after Mrs. Sarles was removed from earthly associations to those in heaven, the introductory article, prepared by one of the present editors of it, Mrs. Wm. H. Wyckoff, reads thus:

"We are sadly reminded that one whose gifts were employed in rendering these pages pleasing and instructive,

'Her blessed labors done,
Her crown of victr'y won,'

has passed from earth—passed to her home on high.

"In the removal of this dear friend we are deprived of association with one who adorned all her relations in life, shedding a mingled halo of grace and genius on every pursuit in which she engaged; and we can not worthily speak of any one of her numerous virtues, without seeming to neglect others equally conspicuous and attractive.

"She has left us! But we may cherish her memory, profit by her example, and follow in her path—'the path of the just, which, as the shining light, shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

"We may also carry out some of her plans of usefulness, few of which she contemplated with more hope and satisfaction than that which resulted in the formation of the Sacred Literary Society. Let us prosecute the work so auspiciously commenced. Then, although her voice will no more be heard in these gatherings, nor her glowing, loving thoughts of Jesus and his word be penned for us, yet her influence, like the lingering rays of glory that gild the horizon after the sun has disappeared, will continue to shed beauty and radiance on the scenes that were once blessed with her presence."

## From the Morning Star Mission Band:

Report of the Committee appointed to prepare a memorial of Mrs. Sarles to be recorded on our minutes.

*Whereas*, Mrs. Mary E. Sarles, our late friend and beloved co-worker in the "Morning Star Mission Band," has been called away in the midst of her labors; and

*Whereas*, The removal of one so eminently zealous and efficient, imposes enlarged and additional duties on us who remain; therefore

*Resolved*, That we will endeavor, by prayer and effort, and by increased liberality and renewed consecration to the work, to manifest our regard to the departed, and to supply the deficiency caused by her decease. Also,

*Resolved*, That we record on our minutes the following tribute of affection, prepared by the Chairman of the Committee, Mrs. Benjamin Palmer:

"To portray the features of character of one so lovely and gifted requires a pencil dipped in tints of fairest hue.

"The contributor of this frail memorial feels it to have been a privilege of no common order to have met her often; and among her most cherished reminiscences is that of the last conversation she had with her, about a month before her death, when she spoke with much interest of the Mission Band Fair. The active energies of her mind and body were not confined to her own church or city, but extended to foreign fields and laborers.

"Every contemplation of such untiring devotedness should stimulate all who survive to consecrate themselves afresh to the carrying forward of those labors which she, alas! too soon left.

"May we abide under the inspiration which seems to nerve us as we see the graceful labors of her pen; or contemplate her amid the young, or those of more mature years, whom she sought to train to fill places of usefulness in life's morning or meridian day."

## The following communication was received from the Woman's Union Missionary Society.

At a meeting of the Managers of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, held the 13th of June, 1866, the sad intelligence was communicated that Mrs. Mary E. Sarles, wife of Rev. J. W. Sarles, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Brooklyn, had passed from earth since the members last met.

The following resolutions were then adopted:

*Whereas*, Our heavenly Father has removed by death, Mrs. Sarles, a beloved member of our Board of Managers, who has been connected with us, from our earliest organization; therefore

*Resolved*, That although by faith we realize the joys into which she has entered, yet with deep feeling we mourn the loss of a faithful friend, a zealous laborer, and a wise counselor, who testified by word and deed that the cause of the Woman's Mission lay very near her heart.

*Resolved*, That the sincere sympathy of the Managers be tendered to the bereaved family of our loved co-worker, with fervent prayers that the presence of the Holy Comforter may ever be near them.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be recorded on the minutes of the Society as a testimonial of our heart-felt regret and respect.

In behalf of the Committee.

The memorial that follows appears on a draped page in the *Missionary Link* for July.

MEMORIAL.

It was with a shock of deep regret and surprise that we read the brief notice which told of the first inroad death had made among our Board of Managers, by removing Mary E. Sarles, wife of Rev. J. W. Sarles, of the Central Baptist Church, Brooklyn. Although it was not permitted her to meet with us during the past winter months, few will forget the deep and untiring interest she has felt in our Woman's Missionary Society from the earliest date. Faithfully was our cause presented in private to the many with whom her social position as a pastor's wife daily brought her in contact. And even during the summer period of recreation, efforts were not wanting in our behalf, which resulted in the formation of a Mission Band, whose effect on undying souls may prove an influence reaching through eternity.

Not many months ago, when giving us the results of this little band, how much did she warm our hearts with her written words of sympathy and cheer, and breathing fervent prayers for our growth and prosperity. * * *

We shall sadly miss her approving smile and her words of gentle counsel so acceptably and wisely offered; but the memory of them will ever be a beacon of light to us, pointing above, where "hope shall change to glad fruition, faith to sight, and prayer to praise."

Her former associate editor of the little paper of the Sacred Literary Society, intimate with her as few others were, writes:

"Our precious one fell asleep in Jesus on the last day of Spring, 1866, just as her own beautiful life was dawning upon its summer-time. Not in the early morn, not mid the shadows of declining day, but just after the solemn bell tolled the hour of mid-day.

"Fit time for her who was in the early noon-day of lovely Christian womanhood. Not a word, not a look, not a sound, told the approach of the 'Rider on the Pale Horse,' as he quickened his steed to overtake her, engaged as only such purely good beings know how to be; the hour previous, in sweetly mirthful conversation.

"The expression which settled upon her features was not that of one whose spirit has fled, or of one even in sweet slumber, but of one whose lids drooped because of the great love and happiness that thrilled the heart, fearful if they unclosed they would reveal too much its joy."

From the wife of a deacon in the Church to Mrs. Smalley:

"Knowing that you are surrounded by relatives and friends, I am unwilling to intrude on the privacy of your affliction, yet can not allow you to leave the city without expressing my deep and individual sympathy in your great sorrow. Our family, my boys and girls, all feel that they have lost a friend, for your dear one had a heart large and loving enough to take in all mankind. I do pray the great Comforter may pour the balm of Gilead on your wounded spirit, and spare you to bless and comfort those that are left. * * *

"Let us believe that 'the righteous are taken away from the evil to come.' Whatever storms or troubles shall arise to us, *she* is at rest, safe in Jesus' arms."

From a sister of Mr. Hermanns, in Central New York, to the family:

"How often have my thoughts been with you, her dear mother, husband, and sister, in this your hour of sore trial and deep affliction! I think I can imagine how sad and broken-hearted you all are. We, too,

feel sad and bereaved. We have lost a dear friend. What a great consolation to us that she was prepared to enter her home above the skies! Why she was taken so suddenly, and when doing so much good, seems strange to us. Truly

'God moves in a mysterious way.'

"I wish I could be with you. * * * How little we thought when I was with you last fall that she would be the first, so soon and so suddenly! She seemed so cheerful and happy. I have thought how often of my visit—it was so pleasant, but too short. I am thankful that I saw you all then. * * * I can not realize that she is gone never to return. It seems like a dream to me. Do write me as soon as you can and tell me more about her.

"Truly your sympathizing and bereaved friend."

From a brother of the first Mrs. Sarles, in behalf of his father's family:

"We were much pained to hear of the death of Mrs. Sarles. Our acquaintance with her had been very slight; yet in the short time we had known her, in the brief visit she made us, we had all learned to love her. We were glad that such an one would take the place of our Cornelia. * * * We can truly offer you our heartfelt sympathy—the more abiding because of our great esteem for her who has gone. I have often thought of the wide difference there must be in the memory of those whose many virtues crown them as the heirs of Light, and those whose future is vailed in uncertainty. The one a cherished, the other a sad recollection. * * *

"F. often speaks, with pleasure, of her visit with you last winter, and she bids me now to write for her as well as myself. All wish to be warmly remembered to you, and to offer sincere condolence to your mourning household."

From a cousin, in the State of Delaware, to Mrs. Smalley:

"I think of you every day, and your sorrow; for well do I know what the separation from dear Mary must be, notwithstanding the bright faith that surrounds you. Oh! what would become of us in such seasons of distress without this faith? What a comfort when we can feel and know in our inmost hearts, that whatever pains us is ordered in

love, and by Him who can not err! * * * The very affliction that is crushing our hearts with its load of woe, is the very thing to fit our souls for heaven. I must ever lament her loss. Only One knows how I loved her. * * * She has passed the dark river, is rejoicing with loved ones gone before, and is waiting for those left behind. What a happy thought that we will see and know the dear ones we have loved when we reach the other shore! What gladness and joy all must feel who thus meet! And it can not be long; a few more days and years at the most, and earthly cares are over, no more griefs or pains, no more parting."

From a cousin, who was at Cape May, to Mrs. Smalley:

"Repeatedly I have attempted to write, and have felt that I had not words to express my deep sympathy for you. To-day we received a letter from Miss Bergen, informing us of the dear babe's death. I can keep silent no longer.

"I am now sitting on the piazza, just where dear Mary used to sit when writing to you. The spot seems sacred to me, and I often imagine that I see her. She will never be dead to me. How often I bless the Lord for the precious visit she made us! It will be one of the green spots in memory to look back upon—the many pleasant conversations we had together. How richly her mind was stored with heavenly knowledge, and how constantly did she refer to the mercies of a Savior's love. I hope and trust I have lived nearer my dear Savior ever since that visit. I am often led to think how completely she has finished the work her heavenly Father had given her to do; and now she has gone home to dwell with him forever and ever. The only thing we can mourn for is, that we have lost such a bright and shining light. I always felt that she was too bright a light to be permitted to stay in this world of sin and sorrow. You can but feel,—what shall I say, proud? No; I will say thankful, that you were the mother of such a daughter, dutiful, talented, and such a devoted Christian. She is not dead, nor ever will be. * * * All I ask is that I may be found as she was with my lamp trimmed and burning. My dear father and I were talking of her sudden death. He said it was just such a death as he should like to die. I said it was a great mercy for the one taken, but what an awful blow for the survivors. He said that they ought not to grieve when they knew that their loved ones were enjoying felicity which the Bible could not describe."

One whose noble husband, while living, adorned the Christian name and the medical profession in this city, writes from Rhode Island :

"Will my beloved friend and pastor pardon me for intruding upon grief so sacred? I can not forbear expressing to him my heart's deepest sympathy in the bereavement of which I have only learned through the newspaper. It came upon me very suddenly and has filled my heart with sadness. I wish I could say something to you; * * * but I feel that all I could say would have but an empty sound. I can only assure you of the great sympathy we all feel for you in this your darkest hour."

To the family, from the daughter of a Baptist minister, a young lady who for long years has been an invalid confined to her room :

"I trust you will not deem me intrusive in thus coming to you in your deep affliction and sorrow. I so sincerely sympathize with and sorrow for you all, that I can not forbear giving some expression to my feelings. God has visited you, and with a stroke removed your loved one. Terrible, indeed, is your loss; but oh, is it not her gain! The messenger came swiftly, but he found her not unprepared; no, blessed be God for the evidence we all have that her soul was dressed for the bridegroom, the righteousness of Christ her wedding garment! Oh! what glories must have burst upon her vision as her emancipated spirit entered those mansions which have been prepared from before the foundation of the world for the redeemed! Yes; for her *all* was joy and happiness, such as we can not conceive. She has entered into the joy of her Lord, and received the 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' from that Savior

"Whom absent she loved,
And whom unseen she adored."

Oh! can you grieve for her? But I know full well that, while heaven gained another occupant when angel hosts welcomed this ransomed one to join their song and swell the glorious anthem before the throne, a home on earth was suddenly darkened and made desolate. Stricken ones were there, who, in the anguish of their hearts, cried out: 'Would God I had died for thee!' and feel, perhaps, that God has dealt hardly and very sorely with them; but can you not believe that God * * *

has visited you in mercy? Our views are very, very finite, we can see but a little way around; as for the future, that is completely hidden from our sight. Hence the providences of God, who seeth the end with the beginning, appear strange and dark, often seeming to clash or be at cross-purposes; but He that inhabiteth eternity, the great, the eternal Jehovah, has his plan all laid out as a map before him, and he is bringing all to pass according to his infinite wisdom and love. This great sorrow of yours has a part in it, though now you can not see where or how it fits, but it will appear hereafter. Perchance it may be the means of bringing some poor souls to Christ, of quickening those who are already his but have languished in their love, and strengthening earnest ones. Surely, surely it will not be for naught that your loved one was removed, and a void made in your loving hearts that can never be filled. But though my heart is full of love and sorrow for you, I fear I do but trespass on your grief. I can not give utterance to what I would say. * * * Oh! I trust you will not lose sight of the love of God! In sympathy and love."

From a devotedly attached friend, in East Hampton, Mass., to the family:

"This night one week, as I was sitting by my table, I took up the *Times* of Saturday morning, and was attracted by 'Sarles' among the names of the dead. For one moment I stopped, not daring to read on. I never knew or heard of but one by that name. My rebellious heart prompted me to say: 'There are plenty of Sarles's; you may lay your paper aside,' and so I did; but again took it up, and read, to my horror and amazement, of the great, sad loss to mourners, whose 'name is legion,' of our precious Sister Mary! I could not believe my eyes; I did not wish to believe; I felt I could not bear it; and I have not felt equal to writing to you. Yet, I have so longed to comfort you; to see and to talk with you. * * * No one can wish her out of heaven, only from our selfishness; and yet how can we, who loved her so truly, live without her? It is well you have an Almighty arm on which to lean; no human aid could sustain in this dark hour. * * * You have much to draw you to heaven when you shall have finished your labors on earth. How truly ripe for heaven our dear Mary was! Her labors and sorrows are all over, and she has gone to her eternal, sweet sleep,—

'Blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.'

"How the angels will welcome her! Would I could have seen her once more! God grant I may follow her good example on earth, and permit us at last to meet in heaven. * * *

"I wish I could step right into your sitting-room this evening, and mingle my tears with yours; it is one common grief. * * *

"Please write and tell me, if you can, of my darling Mary's sickness and death, and of those she has left; and may the God of all healing, the loving, tender Father, comfort and sustain you all, is my earnest and fervent prayer. Affectionately and sorrowingly."

From a lady in the church was brought a life-like photograph of Mrs. Sarles, set in a garland of preserved flowers, with a frame beautifully wrought of pure shells, and, printed underneath the picture, the lines:

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers!"

The note from her husband accompanying it was in keeping with the delicately arranged token:

"*Dear Pastor:*—The shell-work that accompanies this is the work of my wife, and is intended as a token of regard for her whose likeness is inclosed. Most of the flowers were used when the precious remains were conveyed to the tomb; some were also used at the funeral of the dear babe, and others were contributed by attached friends, and are thus preserved together. We hope that there will be nothing about the arrangement that will fall harshly upon your feelings. * * * I hardly suppose that I have worded these few lines in the best manner, if not please forgive; and should this affair be in the least uncongenial to you, we hope that you will not hesitate to put the whole aside, and be assured that none will feel hurt except for having given you unnecessary pain. Yours affectionately,

JAMES WATSON."

Another member of the church then took it, and beautifully encased the whole in black walnut. There are now but few things about our home upon

which we look more gratefully than upon this sacred but sunny memorial.

From a letter to the family by a lady in Wareham, Mass., who had been long and intimately associated with Mrs. Sarles :

"You have been much and often in my thoughts and the subject of my prayers. I have been wishing to express some of my many thoughts of affectionate sympathy, and to tell you how earnest is my desire that abundant consolation shall be your portion in the season of trial through which you are passing. My prayer has been, that God would give you grace to glorify him, by entire submission to his will. I do most sincerely sympathize with you in this great bereavement, and rejoice that we have a compassionate Savior who loves to comfort the mourner. Go to him with all your sorrow. 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me,' is a most consoling promise. Could any other than an Almighty arm uphold you in this hour of deep bereavement? Could any tones be as tender as those which say: 'It is I; be not afraid?' You think of that loved one, her self-denying, self-sacrificing spirit, her earnest desire to do her Master's work, her visits to the sick and sorrowful, her love for heavenly things! You did not know how soon her Christian character would be perfected,—how soon her labors of love would be exchanged for the service of God, day and night, in his temple. How pleasant to remember that sweet voice, ever ready to sing the songs of Zion, now added to the angelic host, singing the song of the redeemed; and yet we are so selfish as to weep when a celestial harp is placed in the hands of one we love. She is now with the many loved ones who have gone before. They must have gladly welcomed so congenial a spirit. That Savior whom she trusted so confidingly, she now beholds with unclouded vision. * * *

"God calls his own, in his own time and way. We have only to say: 'Thy will be done.' He tells us 'he does not afflict willingly.' * * * If I should repeat what I have often said, it would be, why was it thus? But, 'what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.'"

From a cousin, Mrs. Davison, the wife of a Baptist minister, in Missouri :

"How eagerly I once looked for my precious cousin's letters! How bitterly I feel the loss of her kind words of encouragement! Not one of our friends whom we have *personally* known holds a higher place in the love and respect of our children than the dear cousin who took such a deep interest in their welfare." (These children had never seen her.) "Although so far distant, she exerted a most salutary influence on their minds. The older ones, particularly, appreciate her pure and exalted character. The mementos which her own dear hand directed to them are sacred. After Willie heard of her death, he took his Natural Philosophy out of the book-case, and looked at it sorrowfully, saying: 'Cousin Mary sent me this; I shall keep it as long as I live, and put it out of every one's reach.' He handles it tenderly, and very seldom allows any one to touch it. Mary says: 'If ever any one was perfect, it certainly was dear Cousin Mary.' The two poems which you kindly inclosed held the children spell-bound, by their thrilling beauty. The heavenly aspirations with which her last poem concluded seemed prophetic. Arthur read his primers last winter, and sings with Emmie very many of the beautiful hymns which were sent.

"When I attempt to write of my dear lamented cousin my emotion overcomes me. I can not do justice to her unexceptionably pure and noble character. Her life appears to me but a bright succession of lovely, unselfish acts. Gifted with superior artistic taste, and intellectual attainments, which gave promise of a most successful literary career, she sacrificed her ambition at the foot of the cross. A general favorite in the highest circles, she yet was willing to forego the adulation of the gay world, entering with all the energy of her nature into the service of her Lord. The aged and the young felt the charm of her winning manners, and her happy, hopeful spirit created a sunny atmosphere in the lonely room of the sick and bereaved.

"As months roll on, I only realize more sensibly her irreparable loss, and weep that such exalted worth, such loveliness, has passed away. When we prayed so earnestly for her happiness, we little thought that eternal blessedness would so soon be her portion."

Mrs. F. A. Danforth, late missionary in Assam, tried, faithful, and sustained, writes to Mrs. Smalley as only those can who have been made acquainted with sorrow:

"PHILADELPHIA, *June* 16, 1866.

"I have just learned of the death of your daughter and my friend, Mrs. Sarles. I am shocked and pained by the sad tidings more than I can express. I know too well, alas! what sorrow is to think that I can say anything to comfort you in this great bereavement; but I know, too, that the words of sympathy which I received from many kind friends in the hour of sorrow afforded me a little relief, and frequently helped my agonized soul to look away to Christ, the only Comforter.

It seems so mysterious that one so useful as your dear daughter, so much needed by her husband and little ones, in the very prime of life, should be taken away. Ah! I know how the stricken heart will question again and again, and in its agony cry out: Why must it be so? Why were not our prayers answered?

"At such an hour the suffering soul can only turn to God, to his holy word. That solves the mystery. The precious truths there revealed are the only consolation in the wide universe.

"'As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you!' were the words that first brought comfort to my soul in the hour of my desolateness. The assurance that my Savior's love was unchangeable, that he loved me as much when he removed my dearest friend as when he gave him to me, was a relief to my sorrow which no words can describe; and though I could not, and can not now, see how it can be love which would take from me my greatest earthly joy, yet I have found it sweet to trust him, to believe that he leadeth me, and to follow him, though it be through a dark and thorny road. I know that he is near, I put my hand in his, and follow him.

"And I pray, my dear afflicted friend, that you may be enabled to cling to Christ, and feel that it is all right, that you would not have it otherwise unless you knew it were Christ's will, and so resting your soul in his priceless changeless love, you will find joy and peace even in the midst of great sorrow.

"And when we, my dear friend, look back upon this sorrow from the heights of heavenly bliss, as our departed loved ones now do, shall we not say, with more exalted joy: 'We thank God for this baptism of suffering?'"

The widely known and beloved missionary, Mrs. M. B. Ingalls, writes:

"PROVIDENCE, *June 7th.*

"How shall I be able to rest my eye for a few moments upon the picture of your desolation? Yesterday these tidings reached me, and your home followed me all the day. I could not bring the real picture before me. I was at your door, I met the hearty grasp and received the warm kiss. I sat by her side, that eye—that beautiful eye—looked into mine, and her lips opened to words of sweet sisterly sympathy, and then she rose: 'I will call my dear husband, for he will be glad to see you.' You came, and with you came your little pet. All the day long this picture was before me, but the shades of night gathered, and then the picture of a desolated home appeared. * * * I do not purpose, my dear brother, to offer you words of comfort. I only, out of the fullness of my heart, which went out so tenderly to your dear one, mingle my tears with yours; that sigh which comes forth from your stricken heart calls forth a kindred sigh from my heart, and I say the Lord has taken *our* dear one; let us try to feel that our loss is her gain, that the call is a call of love."

Mrs. Jemima Lord, a beloved missionary in China, writes from her distant field of labor:

"The loss of your beloved one must be an affliction deep and lasting, for she was one whom none could know without loving. Even I, whose acquaintance with her was of such brief duration, feel that I have lost one of my dearest friends; but then her memory is blessed, and I love to dwell upon it. Truly, she was full of good works. How she longed for souls! How entirely she gave herself up to the service of her Master! Well; she had doubtless fulfilled her task, and now she is gone to enjoy the reward and to sit down in the presence of Jesus! Still she has only begun to reap, she will be gathering fresh sheaves perhaps for eternal ages. Her works do follow her, but we can not help saying: Oh! that she had been spared to us a little longer; her dear husband needed her, the church needed her, the Sunday school needed her, her friends far and near all needed her. Yes, so we thought; but the Lord's thoughts are higher than our thoughts, and he has called her to a more glorious service. It must be well, and also, perhaps by means of her death, many will rise to a life of righteousness, and thus will her most earnest prayer be answered."

In a letter from Rev. H. F. Smith, her former pastor in Bloomfield, he writes:

"Your dear wife so interlinked herself with all our social and church life while here, and maintained such affectionate interest here after she left us, that we still loved to call her 'ours' after she had become 'yours,' and filled a constantly widening circle with her Christian activities.

"In the extension of his kingdom, our Master often uses the prayers, the sweet Christian graces, and the self-denying efforts of woman. The period of such a presence here is determined by himself. Sometimes a sweet maidenly flower, whose fragrance is just beginning to float on the air, is removed by the great Gardener before its delicate tints have been appreciated here; sometimes a "mother in Israel" is left long to testify of the divine love and faithfulness, and to encourage and strengthen the inexperienced. Unlike these, however, the subject of this memorial, richly endowed mentally, and with a heart softened and drawn by divine grace, so that her whole existence seemed to be devoted first to work for Christ, was taken at meridian. In the midst of distinguished usefulness, while opportunities appeared to be opening on every side, the great Father called his dear child, and harvest sprang from the lap of summer, ripening the saint, and furnishing new occasion for the songs of the celestial choristers who shout, 'Harvest home!' Grace has brightened into glory, but the radiance of the life on earth lingers, and is intensified by the glory which streams down to us from the jewel which now flashes in the crown of Immanuel. All felt her adaptation to the position she took when she left us; nor were we disappointed once during the years that we saw the mild shining of her light in her home and in the church.

"We remember her constant love to our church. She did not suffer the nearer responsibilities and wider relations of Brooklyn to crowd it from her heart. The same solicitude which in so many ways manifested itself while with us, was evinced by frequent visits and many expressions of interest. Indeed, her heart was incapable of excluding any interest of the Redeemer from it. Its great loving capacity expanded, until ready to burst, for the reception of everything that would glorify Jesus and benefit humanity.

"With unabated affection we looked upon her during those six and a half years in Brooklyn, crowded with work, but crowned with cheerfulness. A good organizer, enthusiastically energetic in the details of charity, able to be familiar with the poorest when needful, yet shining in the first intellectual circles; always seeking to make others happy, and often sacrificing to do it; gathering a company of aged women to spend a social afternoon for mutual spiritual profit; riveting the at-

tention of her infant class by her familiar talks on the Bible; organizing the young people into circles for literary and spiritual improvement, encouraging them by her own advice and example; entertaining missionaries and their families for weeks at a time; corresponding and working for missions in various places; in a word, working as much of the world-field as she could; her meat and drink appeared to be the finishing of the work which her Master gave her to do.

"The news came suddenly and unexpectedly. Two churches were in mourning. The Central Church gave her to us; after a season we gave her back; and now both have given her to the church triumphant. Her record is on high. What she was, what she did, what she is, none more emphatically than herself would attribute entirely to divine grace. To the glory of redeeming grace let us erect this memorial."

From Rev. H. Harvey, D. D., late pastor of the First Baptist Church, Dayton, O.:

* * * "I am glad you are designing some permanent memorial of the dear departed one. It is a tribute eminently due to her character and usefulness, and can not fail to be a benefit as well as a gratification to the many who knew and loved her. I can never forget the genial, sunny spirit she always evinced; the self-forgetting, disinterested kindness with which she entered into plans for others' welfare, and the broad, generous culture of taste and intellect and heart always displayed in her life. She always seemed to me so perfectly the living, practical, Christian woman; not after the type of the recluse, saintly nun of mediæval ages, but the every-day, large-hearted, noble woman, whose life touched every other life around her, and shed unceasing blessings in all the paths she trod. Like her loved Master, she 'went about doing good,' and it must be many years ere the memory of her gentle counsels and kindly deeds can pass away in Brooklyn. And I am sure that none of the many who have ever come under your roof can forget the warm welcome and generous hospitality which they always met there. Missionaries in distant lands, and ministers from all parts of our own, who have been welcomed to your happy home, deeply mourn that this light of your dwelling has gone out."

Written by Mrs. H. J. Swezey, Associate Editor with Mrs. Sarles in the Sacred Literary Society:

Just as the glorious sun had gained
Its full meridian strength,
The "silver cord" that bound our own
Was loosed to its full length,
That she in sweet noon-day of life
At home with Christ might be,—
It only loosed, it did not break,
'Twill tighten when we're free.

Just as Spring clasped her open hand
Within fair Summer's own,
The golden bowl was broken quite,
With her full life o'erflown.
Quick as the rose might scattered lie
When come to its full bloom,
So quick, we ne'er had known, save by
The sweet, exhaled perfume.

Joy of the house! Bright light of home!
Key-note of harmony!
Playing the chords of every heart,
So soft, yet skillfully;
We knew not whence the music rose,
Where else had discord been;
We only knew we loved the hand,
That woke sweet peace within.

Her aim in life was like her Lord's,—
The Father's will to do;
That will to know, the appointed means,
She ever kept in view.
Her honored Lord did honor her,
With grace for ev'ry hour;
She gave no glory to herself,
Acknowledged but his power.

The poor did bless her as she passed;
God's people, too, were cheered;
The lonely felt they had a friend,
And smiled, where, else, they'd feared.

The sick reached forth their withered hands,
And looked with hope away,
While she, in accents calm and low,
Spoke of the "better day."

With gifts of heart, were gifts of mind,
Most gracefully entwined;
Yet, while within her presence charmed,
No thought to her confined,
You deemed yourself the source of joy;
She was so humbly great,
She drew no thought unto herself,
We learned who charmed too late.

Now here,—now gone! But only gone
From earthly sight away;
Gone in the way most fitting her,—
In beauty; not decay.
Her eyes weighed down with happiness,
Her breath quite gone with joy,
It was not death, it was not sleep,
But life without alloy.

Her little bud, torn from its stem,
What could it do but fade?
Her birdling sweet, thrown from the nest
Where it had softly laid,
Could only stretch its tiny wings,
To reach that mother loved,
An angel saw, stooped down, and bore
It safe to her above.

For she had, by prophetic eye,
Its future to her brought;
And, with a mother's yearning prayer,
The Savior for it sought;
Dipped in his blood, and offered up,
With that sweet incense prayer,
It welcome was, and room for it
In Paradise was there.

With all my appreciation of Mary's worth, very imperfectly did I understand what a treasure was brought to my house when she entered it. From the first day till the hour when she was borne away by the angels, she was more than willing to take from me every burden she could carry. In family worship she always read the Scriptures, and so impressively as only one in thousands could ; and almost uniformly she led in the song of praise.

Self-forgetfulness in her care for me at once became apparent, and was often checked to be forgotten as soon. A single instance will indicate her apprehension of what was the office and happiness of a wife, and her delicate sense of what was due to her husband : It was the understanding that if he were not in at the hour appointed for dinner or tea, the family should not wait. But when he came, early or late, the presence of no ordinary company or caller could detain her from sitting with him at the table. If he excused her a thousand times, it made no difference. She claimed that it was her place and her privilege *then* to be with him, not with the company. Nor was it more what she did than her way of doing things. Acquaintances will know that no mere partiality prompts the statement that her every movement was instinct with grace of manner. This was not with her an art ; it was the fruit of no study, except to act out freely the promptings of her own nobility. When I returned home after ever so short an absence, it was

to be met with smiles and welcomes. During all those years I hardly ever passed her in room or hall when her hand was not tenderly, and as by instinct, extended to take mine, then to press it warmly.

As if born into those views which holy women of other ages who were taught by the Holy Spirit held, she was ever acting under the inspiration of that sentiment: "In like manner, ye wives, being in subjection to your own husbands; that even if any obey not the word, they may without the word be won by the deportment of their wives, when they behold your chaste deportment coupled with fear. Whose adorning, let it not be the outward one of braiding the hair, and of wearing golden ornaments, or of putting on apparel; but the hidden man of the heart, in that which is imperishable of the meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. For so in the old time the holy women also, who hoped in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection to their own husbands (as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord; of whom ye became children), doing good and fearing no alarm." If there was one thing left undone that she could have done for her husband, I do not know what it was.

Let me also add, may this article fall under the eye of no man in whose heart there is no response to gentle, confiding submission, but endless exactions; who is devoid of capacity to catch the deep, deep import of that language: "Husbands, love your

wives as also Christ loved the church, and gave himself up for it."

She knew and sincerely loved the first Mrs. Sarles, and the love was mutual. Her high sense of what was due to that deservedly sacred memory, and her generous disposition respecting it, have won profound admiration. It was at her instance that our first-born was called Maria Cornelia, tenderly to perpetuate with the name of her own mother that of the first Mrs. Sarles. Nothing about my study occupied so conspicuous a position as a photograph of that same one departed. Mary had so arranged and so desired it. In her unselfish disposition to cherish that precious memory she was unconsciously engraving her own only the deeper. Her Christ-like nobility it is that has stamped itself so imperishably upon our hearts. It lingers more tenderly than could a vision of angels. She had so endeared herself to the several branches of my family that her removal sent poignant sorrow to each heart, and her loss is felt to be irreparable.

In our domestic circle, or when each is alone ; in the busy morning, at twilight, or in midnight wakings, the memory of this sainted one, while it often comes over us in suffocating tides, yet comes only to woo and win, to transform, to ennoble, to bless. Priceless is the legacy that she has bequeathed to her family.

The church of God, the congregation, the ministry,

knew her worth and loved to tell it. All along her way was exemplified the truth of those declarations: "Them that honor me I will honor!" and, "He that humbles himself shall be exalted!" No one wished to be her rival. She was so unpretending in her extraordinary qualifications, that each one felt a special pleasure in seeing her honored with office, and position, and commendation. The aged, with peculiar delight, welcomed her approach; the young claimed her as theirs pre-eminently; the cultivated admired the ease and purity of her language, her ripe intellectual culture, and the unstudied grace of her manners; the untaught found her so simple in speech and manner, and so lowly in spirit, that all restraint was gone, and they could tell her all their heart. The rich accorded to her wealth that money could not claim, and felt honored by her presence; the poor had her full heart of sympathy, and knew that she was their friend; the ripe Christian loved her coming; the worldling profoundly respected her, and accepted her faithful and opportune counsels as no impertinence; the stranger was drawn to her; the home circle loved her most, because there she was known best. Never was a pastor's wife more universally and passionately loved, and never was it more deserved.

But circumstanced as the pastor's wife is, so liable to be suspected of doing too much or too little, of being officious or lacking in interest, of favoring some

class to the neglect of another, so many judgments and tastes to harmonize ; it is due alone to the kindly interposing goodness of God, in giving her favor in the eyes of the people, that such a result could have been reached. It was he who did it. To him, first of all, be the devoutest thanksgiving. Nor did she ever fail to attribute a very large share of this happy agreement to the uniformly generous disposition of the people with whom her lot was cast, and of whom she was accustomed to speak in almost unmeasured terms of affection.

Angels, looking down upon the great funeral assemblage—rather upon a thousand homes near and distant—might well have said: Behold, how they loved her! And it would not be beneath an inspired pen to write: Devout men carried Mary to her burial and made great lamentation over her!

In contemplating the results of such a life, the scene that begins to open is grand and imposing. Some whom she had made her friends, in ties that are deathless, preceded her, and were there to receive her to "the everlasting habitations;" but a great company will presently gather "from east and west, and from north and south," all vieing with each other to deck her crown with gems that shall burn and glow forever. It is written: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." God is pleased thus to "show, in the ages

to come, the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness toward us in Christ Jesus," and also his appreciation of distinguished worth, though it was imparted alone by his grace. But mark well the point where this crowning grace first appears,—not amid the new and exciting scenes of immortal blessedness; but here, while yet in the body, in every-day thoughts, feelings, words, acts—in *doing* Christ's will in the particular spheres in which we move. To this one of whom we now speak, grace was given to hear that voice: "We are a temple of the living God, as God said: I will dwell in them, and walk among them; and I will be their God, and they shall be to me a people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be separated, saith the Lord, and touch not anything unclean, and I will receive you, and will be to you a father, and ye shall be to me sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." She "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." A life of tireless childlike service was lived, and that life will live on before God and angels, and in human hearts and heavenly raptures, forever. In the long sweet eternity upon which she has entered there will be ample opportunity for rest, and review and recognitions, and for endless praise and gratulations.

The lines quoted by Dr. Weston on the day when the angel form was looked upon for the last time, may give grateful utterance to other stricken hearts, as they did to this one that still keeps saying:

"Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted;
My last 'good night!' Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;—
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to the dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps vacant in thy tomb.

* * * *

"Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that shadowy vale;
And think not much of my delay—
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrows breed;
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee!"

BX
6495
S

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 021 898 744 8